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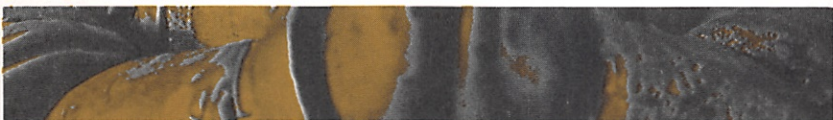
BitterSweet

July, 1980

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region Vol. III, No. 8



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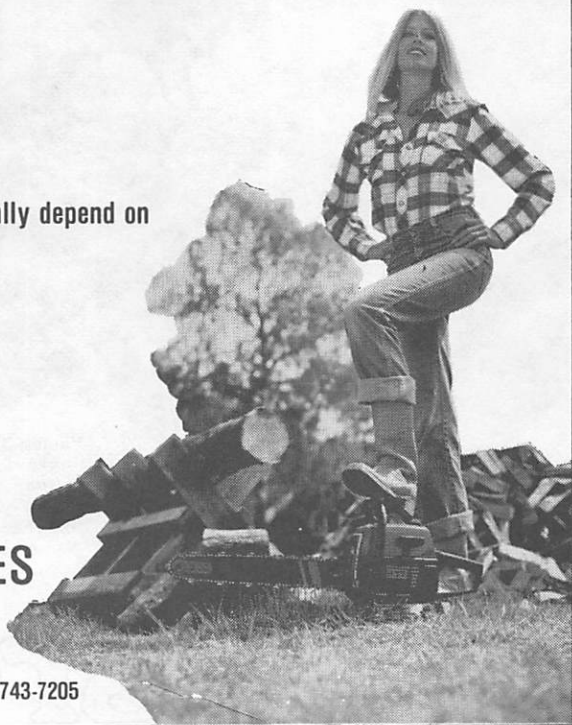
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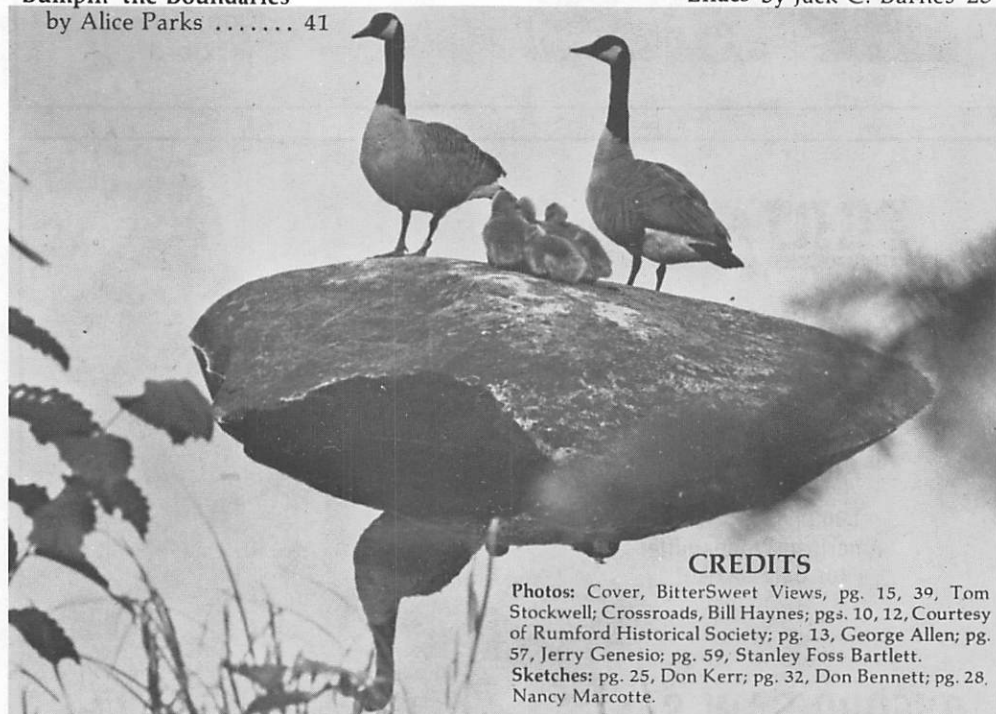


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Crossroads



BitterSweet Views

When our ad man Tom Stockwell stumbled upon the idol which appears on this month's cover while making his rounds in Naples recently he was intrigued by the bizarre story it had to tell. Although Stockwell is a resident of Bridgton, situated just minutes away from the bustling Naples summer community, the legend of the idol was new to him. We have the feeling it will be news to most BitterSweet readers, as well.

To those who, having read the tale, would like to witness the Buddha first hand, museum curator Robert Dingley issues an invitation to stop by and check the figure out. The museum is just off the main street in Naples and is open through July and August. A tape recording recounting the legend and a slide show depicting some of its high points are available to visitors.

A small group of stalwart BitterSweet contributors have some tales of a different sort to tell this month in a special "Mainer's Guide To A Maine Vacation." The guide zeroes in on a set of favorite summer get-away spots of some longtime locals and shares ideas for boating, hiking, digging, picnicing, running and bumping Maine's hills and lakes.

In his short story, "Mainley Main To Man," (pg. 14) Locke Mills resident Anthony P. Stone recalls a special fishing outing he shared with his young son several years ago which taught both a new respect for one another in the face of some of the most spectacular fishing ever.

Professor Richard Durnin treats readers to a little-known look at President Franklin Pierce (pg. 7). Junior High School teacher Peter McKenna proves there is more to Rumford Falls City than meets the eye (pg. 10).

John Meader tackles the topic of junk (pg. 24); Jay Burns takes aim at the yellowjack-



Photographer Tom Stockwell & Naples Museum curator Robert Dingley with the golden idol.

et (pg. 24); Wini Drag highlights author Mary Ellen Chase (pg. 45) and Dr. Michael Lacombe continues his column on epilepsy (pg. 46), tackling a few myths of his own. □

BitterSweet

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CAN YOU PLACE IT? (Our Cover)

The Legend of the Gold Idol

Tales of treachery, murder and ill-gotten gold seem strangely out of place in the face of the benevolent Buddha which stands now in the Naples museum.

Once guardian of an ancient Chinese place of worship, the seven foot high, wood, golden idol



(行景館眞窟阪田京南)

像石陵孝明

Figures like Naples's famed golden idol maintain a solemn vigil outside a Buddhist temple.



A magnificent manor house on the shores of Long Lake displayed the stolen temple idol until the place was destroyed by fire sometime in the early 1950's.

has traded its exotic temple guardianship of a century ago for today's fairly routine watch over the museum's assorted antique carriages, dry sinks and other americana. The years which fell between the idol's past and present stewardships, however, were anything but benign.

The tale of the golden idol turns on a mysterious curse which brought about the deaths of almost all principles who came in contact with the Buddha and the eventual destruction of the magnificent showplace built to display it.

The story begins with Captain Charles Hill who earned his fortune in tea trade with the Orient during the late 1800's. Hill made more than a dozen trips to China during his lifetime and is believed to have held a position of some authority with the Chinese government, perhaps as a founder of the country's first railroad. He and his family had a home in Naples on the west bank of Long Lake.

These were the days when the area was a thriving center of commerce. Steamers made their way slowly up and down Sebago and Long Lakes on routes linking Harrison to the City of Portland. Mast Cove, situated just below the Hill homestead (and later site of author Seba Smith's famous literary "jine drives") was the shipping point for the area's great mast trees known as Perley Pines, the first original growth of white pine (known familiarly as "punkin pine" because, with no cross grain and cutting, the boards were smooth as punkin).

The Cove stood just below the Hill homestead at the end of Skid Hill, so named because it was used to slide the giant trees from the forest to the waters of Long Lake, where they were shipped out for use on the ships of King George's Royal Navy, among others.

It was here that, after a particularly successful voyage to the Orient, Captain Hill brought his smiling Buddha. The figure, dressed in full battle gear and standing in the traditional position of greeting, had ten carved Pekinese dogs scattered across its body for good luck. At least two smaller, 1000-armed idols known as Kuan Yin accompanied it.

The statues had been stolen by Hill from a Chinese temple and spirited quickly out of the country. When examined upon arrival at Naples, a small hollow area was found to be filled with gold and precious gems, as was often the custom with temple idols. Hill's snare of the spoils was reported to be \$300,000. With it, he rebuilt his Naples home, turning it into one of the most spectacular showplaces in the area and using its handsome carved staircase as a backdrop to display his prized idols.

Hill's good fortune was shortlived, however. Legend has it that, greedy for more gold, he returned to the scene of his crime and was recognized and killed by one of the temple priests. In fact, the Captain fell ill and died a lonely death in a Tokyo hospital. His business partner, brother Ruben, also met a sudden death sometime later in



Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie paid his respects to the idol soon after it was moved to the Naples Museum.

an automobile accident.

The house and its foreign idols changed hands. Local legislator John White purchased the elegant three-story building and barn in 1891 and later sold the place to Charles P. Solon, who transformed Bellview Terrace, as it was then known, into a restaurant known as the Hayloft. Solon committed suicide by hanging.

The manor farm was known as Serenity Hill and owned by a family named Clark when it was hit by fire in the early 1950's. Clark was burned to death in the basement. The carriage wing and barn, all that remains now of the once magnificent manor, was purchased in 1971 by a religious group and is used now as a church.

The golden idol, meanwhile, found its way into the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where it was displayed for a short time at the turn of the century and then stored for several years. In the fall of 1970, a grandson of Mrs. Ruben Hill's requested that the figure be returned to Naples and displayed in the museum there as a memorial to his grandmother.

Museum curator Robert Dingley, who had lived for two years at Serenity Hill during the 1930's when his wife's parents were caretakers, happily retrieved the idol and transported it home in the back of a borrowed station wagon.

Does Dingley have any second thoughts about tempting the fates by housing the idol?

"It's never bothered me at all," he says. "The museum hasn't burned down yet. In fact, if anything, I consider him my watchman." □

Homemade

Garden Varieties

Jack Barnes of Brookfield Farm in Hiram, a frequent contributor of both prose and poetry to these pages and elsewhere, is a man of many talents. An avid gardener, Barnes shares three favorite ways to prepare his homegrown produce:

Zucchini Lasagne

- 1 chopped onion
- 2 T. olive oil
- ½ pound ground beef
- ½ pound ground pork
- 2 cloves minced garlic
- ½ teaspoon oregano and basil
- pinch of allspice
- pinch of sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt & black pepper
- 1 can (1 lb.) tomatoes (drain)
- 1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
- 1 can beef stock (bouillon)
- 4 medium large zucchini
- ½ cup dry bread crumbs
- 4 oz. (1 cup) coarsley shredded mozzarella cheese
- 1 cup ricotta cheese (or cottage cheese)
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

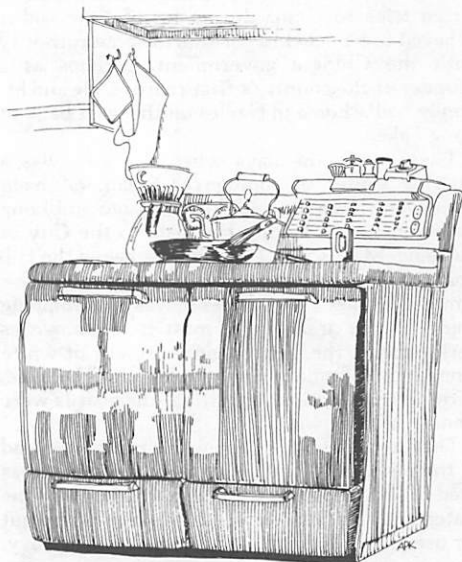
In heavy saucepan cook onion in oil until soft. Add meat and garlic. Cook, stir continuously until meat is brown and crumbly. Add seasoning such as tomatoes, paste, and stock. Mix well. Simmer until the sauce is thick and savory for about one hour. Stir occasionally. Steam unpeeled zucchini by covering in boiling water with ½ teaspoonful of salt for five minutes. Cool, cut lengthwise ¼ inch thick. Oil large shallow casserole. Lay ½ zucchini in dish. Top with ½ sauce and mozzarella and all the ricotta. Sprinkle with crumbs. Fill the dish with rest of zucchini and sauce and top with mozzarella and parmesan. Bake 350 degrees for 45 minutes to one hour.

Freezer Slaw

- Chop and mix:
- 1 cabbage
 - 1 bell pepper
 - 2 carrots
 - 1 medium onion

- Boil together:
- 1 cup white vinegar
 - ½ cup sugar
 - 1 teaspoon celery
 - 1 teaspoon mustard seed
 - 1 teaspoon salt seed

Pour over cabbage mixture. Set 4 hours. Stir frequently. Freeze in containers.



Zucchini Bread

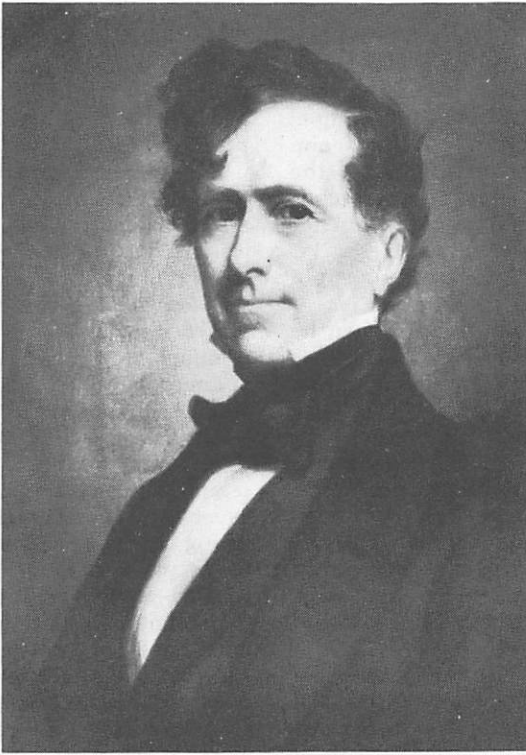
Makes 1 loaf

- 3 eggs
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 2 cups shredded zucchini (2 large)
 - ¾ cup vegetable oil
 - 1 tablespoon vanilla
 - 3 cups all-purpose flour
 - 1 tablespoon baking powder
 - 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
 - 1 teaspoon baking soda
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 3 tablespoons sesame seeds
- Heat oven to 350 degrees

Beat eggs in large mixer bowl until foamy. Beat in sugar, zucchini, oil, and vanilla. Stir in remaining ingredients except sesame seeds. Pour batter into greased and floured loaf pan, 9x5x3 inches. Sprinkle sesame seeds over batter. Bake until woodcock pick inserted in center comes out clean, about 1 hour 15 minutes. Cool in pan 10 minutes; remove from pan. Cool completely on wire rack.

Franklin Pierce, Schoolmaster

by Richard G. Durnin



FRANKLIN PIERCE

Painting by George P. A. Healy

Schoolmastering, at least for short periods, was a pursuit experienced by several of those men who later became Presidents of the United States. The job was often held for a term or two, usually after attending an academy or during time taken off from college. It was, of course, a source of money for many an impecunious student and it was also a break from the demands and routines of their own schooling.

Few men, until relatively recent years, found common school teaching (as opposed to secondary and higher education) financially or otherwise rewarding as a life occupation. Up until about the Civil War period, schoolmasters generally held sway over the district schools of America. Women replaced them during the second half of the

nineteenth century.

Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President, was one of those who taught school as a youth. *Indeed, Pierce was a schoolmaster right here in Oxford County. It was during the winter term of 1823, in a school district in East Oxford (at that time part of the town of Hebron). This fact is not well known locally, and no historic markers point out the sites of either the schoolhouse where Pierce taught or the farmhouse where he boarded.

In the fall of 1820 Pierce entered Bowdoin College.

*Others were John Adams, Andrew Jackson, Millard Fillmore, James Garfield, Chester Arthur, William McKinley, Warren Harding and Lyndon Johnson.

Bowdoin in 1820 was a small institution with a mild Calvinist undertone and with a few over one hundred students. Its president was William Allen, a Doctor of Divinity (from Harvard), who had been inaugurated that year. Edward Payson, prominent Portland clergyman, was one of the Overseers, and Albion Keith Parris, soon to be Governor of Maine, was one of the Trustees. The professorial staff included Parker Cleaveland, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy (a geologist of note), and Samuel Phillips Newman, professor of Latin and Greek, who later became principal of the State Normal School at Barre, Massachusetts, which was the second oldest teacher training institution in America. Henry W. Longfellow came to Bowdoin as a student in the fall of 1821.

Pierce was a youth of sixteen when he entered, and Nathaniel Hawthorne has given us a contemporary description of him in his early student years: "vivacious, mirthful, slender, of fair complexion, light hair that had a curl in it." Hawthorne entered Bowdoin in 1821, a year after Pierce. They were both members of the Athenean Society and became good friends. Hawthorne later wrote a campaign biography of his classmate and was rewarded by an appointment as U.S. Consul at Liverpool, England.

Franklin Pierce was not particularly distinguished for his scholarship during the first two years ("too mirthful"?), but seems to have settled down and improved greatly in his last two. Perhaps it was the influence of a close college friend, Zenas Caldwell, or even his school teaching experience up in Oxford County, that made the change in his attitude and academic performance. Caldwell was four years older than Pierce. He came from Hebron (the neighborhood is now a part of Oxford), attended nearby Hebron Academy, and was a devout Methodist in his religious persuasion.

In January of 1823, at the close of the fall term, Caldwell suggested to Pierce that he come home with him to Hebron for a mid-winter visit. It happened that the district school, located about twenty rods east of the Caldwell homestead, was vacant and the local committee was in search of a teacher. Young Caldwell suggested his friend and classmate for the job. Pierce accepted. He was but eighteen and had completed two and one-half years of college. The pay was \$14 per month, good wages for the time. Indeed,

up until the 1880's women school teachers in this area of Maine were not paid much more. Being a male was important especially in the matter of control of a wide age range of often unruly farm boys. And his college training would serve to make him more desirable than the usual available teacher at that time.

For a six-week term in that winter of 1823, Pierce lived at the Caldwell farmhouse and walked the short distance up the road westward to keep school. Zenas Caldwell had by then returned to his studies at Bowdoin. The Caldwell home was one filled with Methodist piety. The family members were the first of that denomination in the area. It is not known whether or not board was charged the young schoolmaster, and if so how much, or whether the arrangement was part of the "boarding around" practice provided by families in some districts. In the evening he tutored Merritt Caldwell, a younger brother of Zenas, on preparatory studies for college.

Although there is every reason to believe that young Pierce was successful in his teaching undertaking, and even enjoyed the experience, he returned to Bowdoin for the spring term. Schoolmastering, between terms, was a transitory occupation. He was a spirited youth and those winter weeks in that home of order, dutifulness, and piety must have had a sobering effect.

Zenas Caldwell was graduated from Bowdoin in 1824, in the same class as Franklin Pierce. Caldwell served as principal of Hallowell Academy from 1824 to 1825, and of Kents' Hill (a Methodist school then known as Wesleyan Seminary) from 1825 to 1826. He was a young man of great academic promise, but his early death in 1826, at his home in Hebron, prevented its realization.

The younger brother, Merritt, whom Pierce tutored those winter evenings in Hebron, was graduated from Bowdoin in 1828. He was principal of Kents' Hill from 1828 to 1834, and went on to become a professor at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, from 1834 to 1848.

Upon graduation from Bowdoin, Franklin Pierce returned to his birthplace at Hillsborough, New Hampshire, but soon he was off to Amherst to read law in the office of Edmund Parker. The next year he went to Portsmouth to study with Judge Levi Woodbury. The judge was from the family where young Franklin had boarded back in his student days. In his third year of preparation he studies at a law school in

Northampton, Massachusetts, conducted by a local judge. He was admitted to the bar in 1827 and returned to his home town of Hillsborough to practice law.

His first step in public office, leading eventually to the Presidency, was his election as a Representative to the New Hampshire State Legislature in 1829. Here he served four years and rose to the post of Speaker. His one-term Presidency, as a Democrat, lasted from 1853 to 1857.

The schoolhouse where Franklin Pierce taught is no longer in existence. The original building was replaced by a new one in the 1840's. The old structure was bought by a carpenter named Russell who moved it up the East Oxford Road, toward South Paris, and attached it to his house. The Russell place burned in the spring of 1913. The town of Oxford was set off from Hebron in 1829 and the school became District No. 6. As was the case with many rural schools, this one was closed in the 1920's when the children were bussed into Oxford village. The schoolhouse was converted into a dwelling and it was destroyed by fire about 1970. It was located on the East Oxford Road, out of South Paris, at a fork in the road which goes off to the right to Oxford, and a short distance (about 20 rods) before the intersection of the cross road from Hebron to Oxford station.

The old Caldwell homestead, where Pierce boarded, was taken down sometime before 1860. Some of the timber from the place is said to have gone into a house then being built in Oxford. Tradition has it that young Pierce carved his initials into the woodwork somewhere in the old place, and the carving was shown to visitors in the subsequent years. The farmhouse stood on the left-hand side of the East Oxford Road (coming from South Paris), just a few yard west of the intersection of the Hebron-Oxford Station Road. The large, white house across the road from the old site, and at the intersection, was built by the Caldwell family in the 1860's to replace the earlier one. It is presently occupied by Mrs. Esther Jackson of the Caldwell family.

Although it has been customary to mark the sites of most locations associated with the lives of the U.S. Presidents, it is curious that both of these historic sites remain unmarked.

Durnin, a college professor, is a summer resident of Norway Center. □

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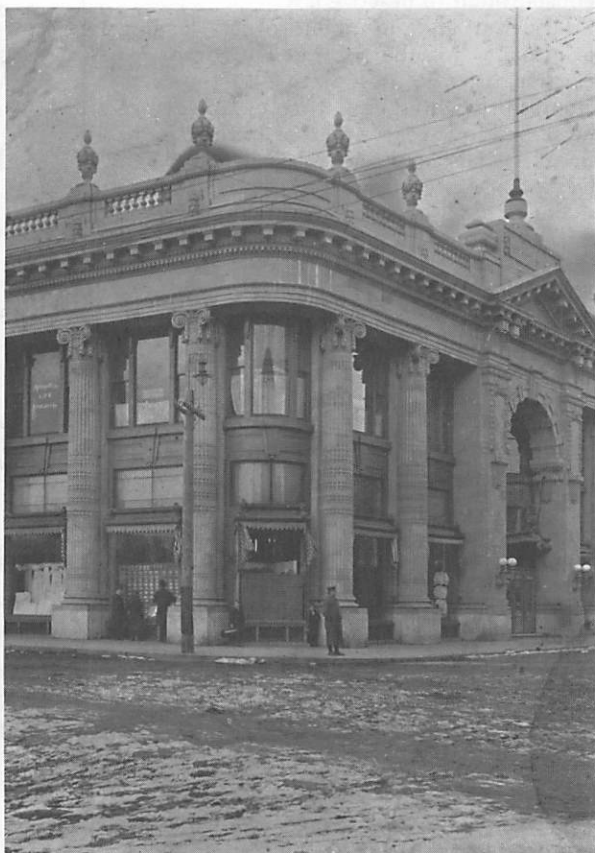
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Strathglass Building

Rumford Falls: Boomtown, City Beautiful

by Peter McKenna

Rumford Falls City: By the turn of the century, it was only a few years old and only a few hundred acres in size; yet, on its street corners could be heard French, Italian, Polish, Lithuanian, Armenian, Chinese, Gaelic, along with English—the languages of immigrants who had come to find work in the new boom town. And if these varied languages prevented good communications between the immigrant groups, no wonder there were brawls and fights at Dago Camp on the Flat, in the Polish club rooms down on River Street, and on Prince Edward Island Corner. Sheriff Porter tried his best to keep

law and order in a town that did not seem to appreciate either.

What had once been typical Maine farm and forest land had almost overnight become a city of tenements, red brick mills and towering smoke stacks, shops, Chinese laundries, boarding houses, and hidden saloons. Lumber jacks came to town looking for woods work, and river drivers with their spiked boots required the wooden plank sidewalks to splinters. Two hundred “Fall River Girls” had been brought up to work in the paper bag mill. They were given special protection in their own boarding house

located just across the railroad bridge. Amorous young woodsmen and mill workers could go up as far as the porch, but weren't allowed through the front door.

Rumford Falls City: If the name conjures up images of Dodge City or Virginia City or any of the other notorious boom towns of the West, the association is justified. Even today, old timers will confirm readily that Rumford Falls was a mighty rough town in those times. That all of this should happen within a township which had been for over a century quiet, Yankee, and agricultural was the height of incongruity.

But Rumford Falls sounded a discordant note in many respects. For one thing, 1892 was very late in the game for a real honest-to-God boom town to be making its appearance on the stage of history. But then an eastern boom town was in itself a rarity. And the character of the town as it developed flew firmly in the face of its founder and master designer. For in Hugh J. Chisholm's vision of what his town of Rumford Falls might become, there had never been any place for unruliness, poor architecture, or undisciplined elements of any sort. "My dream," Chisholm said over and over again, "is for Rumford to become a model town." His obsession with the idea began on the first day he visited Rumford Falls in 1882 and witnessed in awe the great cataract "in the midst of its splendid leap."

For Chisholm, reared in the mid-19th century, in Chippewa, Ontario, within sight of the mists of Niagara Falls and within earshot of its roar, the conquest of Rumford Falls, his "Niagara of the East," held no great mystery. When he did tame the Androscoggin with the dam and power station built at Rumford Falls, he landscaped an entire park by the side of the falls in imitation of the famous park at Niagara.

There are hundreds of details of the town of Rumford for which Chisholm was directly and personally responsible. In those unrestrictive days at the turn of the century when great men of commerce looked upon America as a huge Monopoly game-board upon which to build up their economic empires, Chisholm carved out his domain. He was known as the Paper Trust Magnate. That his effort to corner the market on newsprint was interpreted by some as a threat to freedom of the press was of no great concern to Chisholm. As the *New York Commercial* put it, "Chisholm takes the world

easy while awake, and has no bad dreams when asleep."

His greatest immediate concern was construction of a huge commercial enterprise, and the keystone of it all was to be the city that he intended to carve out of the forest at Rumford Falls, in which he planned to build the Rumford Falls Pulp and Paper Co.—the biggest paper mill in the world.

In 1892, Rumford Falls erupted in a frenzy of construction activity. Dams, canals, head-gates, and foundation walls for factories took shape; streets were run through the forest; crowds of construction workers jammed the few boarding houses that had gone up that spring, and many more lived in sod shanties and tents on what would later become the principal business district. Gandy dancers in a final burst of energy were laying the last miles of railroad track into the new city struggling to be born.

To the casual observer, the frantic activity must have seemed an almost impulsive thing. "God's great plan concerning Rumford Falls," Chisholm had called it. Whether it was really God's plan, or the plan of the Herbert Shedd Co., a firm of hired engineering consultants from Rhode Island, by 1892 its residential part still existed mostly on paper.

Since the residential portion of Rumford

NIGHT ON LONG LAKE

All around him now, the gray woods lean,
listening with leaf and limb
to catch a hurried heartbeat,
or a drumbeat, or a sigh -
to attend the death of something
that moves now upwards,
now downwards, now towards the light,
and now, at last, into the cruel,
the careless core of night.
The next cast loops away, and falls -
and further out, something jumps,
some pure message from air to water.
Captive on the end of a string,
a silver phantom hesitates,
runs, gives a tug;
he reels in cold eye, cold breath;
the rippled, dappled dream
of a dangerous death
hooks him, enfolds him,
pulls him surely down.

Michael T. Corrigan
Bridgton

was to be built up the slopes of a five hundred foot mountain there were several different plans prepared to accomplish the feat. One plan, never developed, called for the streets to run parallel to each other in conventional fashion, with the avenues intersecting the streets by radiating out in several directions from various foci which were designated as parks. All plans stipulated that the business district would be located on an island bounded on one side by the Androscoggin River and on the other side by the canals. This was the heart of the original Rumford Falls City.

In many respects Rumford looks the same today as it did in 1906 when a Boston observer noted that Rumford Falls City was "just that curious jammed together island, full of tall city blocks, with all modern improvements, hemmed in by rushing water and wild woods. It makes one think of those medieval garrison towns on inaccessible islands; if its bridges were destroyed, it would be a hard place to capture by assault."

Ten years after the start of construction, residential dwellings had still not kept pace with growing industry. Boarding houses were full and rents were high. Chisholm decided to pump his own money into the construction of private homes on a large scale. Cass Gilbert, who had designed the Woolworth skyscraper in New York City, was called upon to design Strathglass Park, a walled city of red brick duplex homes built in



Dutch colonial style. Now on the National Register of Historic Places, the park is today the most visible and recognized part of Chisholm's "model town."

On the main street, Chisholm combatted the cheap wooden stores with their false fronts by placing on every available corner large, well-designed brick buildings, including what is today the Hotel Harris with its arches and Corinthian columns, the Power Company building with its marble staircase, mosaic floors, and vaulted ceilings, and the Rumford Mechanics Institute with an impressive colonnade which was actually sketched out and designed by Chisholm himself.

While Chisholm was interested in leaving his mark on the town through well designed architecture, he was also interested in other aspects of the town's design. He recognized, for instance, that very few cities in the world had a spectacular river flowing right through the center, complete with foaming rapids and water falls. Chisholm's plan called for the natural preservation of the north bank of the river all the way through town, from the top of Falls Hill in the Virginia section down to the Mexico town line, a distance of over a mile where he said "the green grass and the trees shall multiply and



The end of Congress Street post - Chisholm pre-World War II. The curve of the street, part of the founder's grand plan for Rumford, is evident although the buildings themselves might have been considered by Chisholm to be something of a compromise.

increase in beauty from year to year, and where the rocks shall not be disturbed from the spot where they have rested for centuries."

In the recent years, the Library, the Information Booth, the Memorial Bridge, the Rumford Avenue recreation park, and the old ball grounds have taken a toll on Chisholm's riverside plan, but its general scope can still be imagined.

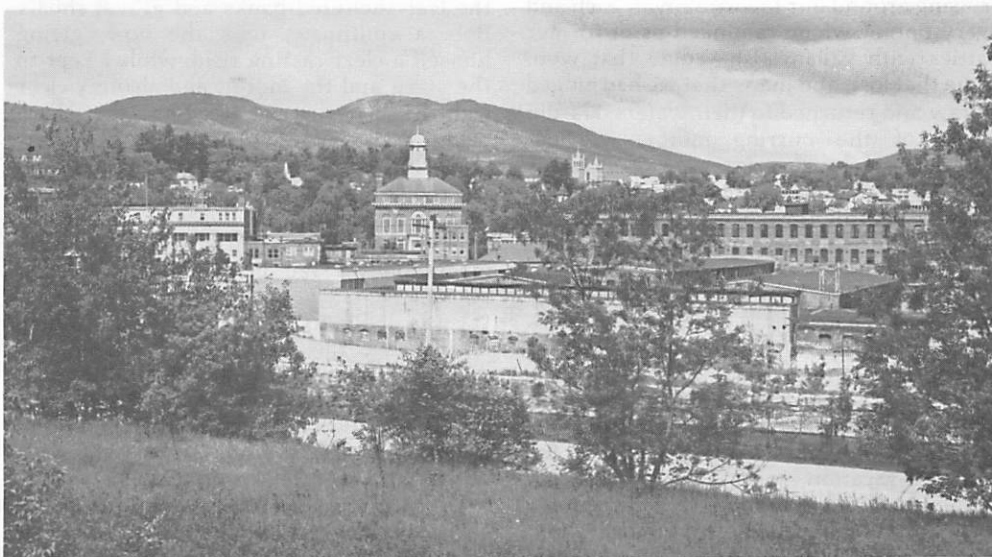
In fact, war against Hugh Chisholm's model town broke out even within his lifetime. Where Chisholm was cultivating God's plan in his dream of a model city the rank weeds of the boom-town encroached early on. In the yards of the beautiful homes of Strathglass Park, cheap four-story frame tenements or flats were springing up almost over night. Side by side with his beautiful buildings on the island's business district there continued to exist the decrepit little shops, boarding houses, and what were, in effect, saloons. The remnants of these cheap wooden structures, their frames leaning and sagging, can still be seen on the island today.

In the end, of course, Rumford was no boom town for long nor did it ever become the model town of Chisholm's dream. The shanties of Dago Camp would become today's respectable American homes in Smith's Crossing, although the suburb would retain its European flavor with

narrow streets and terraced vineyards and gardens. The Lithuanians, remembering their position on the social scale in Lithuania, would aspire to become landlords, and their substantial white tenements on Spruce Street and in Mexico would be the result of these aspirations. Edmund Muskie, the son of a Polish immigrant tailor, would run for the Presidency of the United States, and later become Secretary of State. The French-Canadians would inherit the position of foreman from their Scottish taskmasters, and their great gothic church on Main Avenue would symbolize the permanent establishment of the Franco-American culture in the town.

Finally, a sole tavern would remain standing on River Street—the dusty silence inside a counter for the coarse joviality of the lumberjacks and river hogs whose domain the place once was. Old men now nod in their rocking chairs on porches of those boarding houses that still stand. By a thousand different means, the strong Maine Yankee conservatism has had its way with Hugh J. Chisholm's magic town, and the place has mellowed with the passing of each successive decade.

*Peter A. McKenna, who teaches history at Rumford Junior High School, is the author of **Hugh J. Chisholm's Magic Town**, a history of Rumford Falls from its beginnings until 1912.* □



Rumford as it appears today, set against the side of a mountain. St. Athanasius - St. John Church crowns the hill. The municipal building (at center), erected post - Chisholm, dominates the island. The early mill (at right) once housed the operations of International Paper.

Mainely Man To Man

by Anthony R. Stone

Darkness was just beginning to slide down from under the eaves of the western hills and across Twitchell Pond when Bob, my 10-year-old son, and I arrived at our cottage just outside the village of Locke Mills. We stood on the dock admiring the placid water and inhaling the fresh, cool air that was flavored with delicious scents of pine and pure water plus a dash of woodsmoke that must have ridden an errant breeze from some chimney up along the shore. It was May 29, and thanks to the system of limited access roads and turnpikes, we had made the 625 miles from our home in Maryland in one long day which had begun at 4:00 a.m. The soothing silence of the place was like a benediction after the constant roar of traffic noise that had pounded us all through the day. We grinned at each other and sighed with pleasure.

"Oh boy, Dad," Bob said, "I'm not tired any more. Are you?"

"No," I laughed in reply, "I'm raring to unpack the car and stay a while."

"Let's go!" he urged and led the way to the last chore preliminary to our three-day stay.

After a solid night's sleep and a hearty breakfast, next morning found us out early cruising around our favorite coves, each and every one of which reminded us of former battles with valiant fish—some that won, some that lost, and many that we had judged a draw and returned to their waters. Hardly aware of the purring motor, we lost ourselves in our reveries, each of us in his own way renewing and strengthening the love we had for this corner of heaven that had been our summer-time mecca since Bob was six months old.

For our whole family, Maine means fun, peace, and happiness. Our annual trips during regular summer vacation always include my wife and daughter, too. It was only due to other commitments back in Maryland that the girls didn't accompany us this time. And, in a way, this was good, for our pre-vacation week-end turned out giving his father and son a new respect for each other that couldn't have come about quite so easily otherwise. It was to be a test of Bob's maturity as a sportsman. A test, I am pleased to report, that he passed with flying colors.

"This will give you men a chance to fish all you care to," my wife had said the night before our departure. "Lucky!" 12-year-old Maryann had chimed in, laughing her envy into good wishes. And that's why Bob and I were still grinning agreement with her one-word summary as we gunned the motor for a dash across to the opposite shore where brilliant morning sunshine was transforming the ripples into gems and silver.

A light south wind ruffled the sparkling surface as we edged within fishing distance of the shore. Birds danced and chatted in overhanging bushes and trees. From the towering cliff at the back cove we could hear nestling fish-hawks screeching into the clear air to get the attention of their foraging parents. This was the magic moment; the heart-thumping time just before your first cast in a lake you know from years of experience. You couldn't blame us if our hands trembled slightly as we rigged up a couple of brass spoons for the spin-fishing that would start our day.

I eased the motor down to its slowest speed and we let the boat nudge its way along the shore-line, just a healthy cast from the leaf-sheltered banks and gravel shoals. Bob, a southpaw, took the bow, giving himself a clear casting field, while I kept to the stern and the motor, and also my clear right-handed casting freedom, the shore being held constant to starboard.

On his third cast, Bob called, "STRIKE!" His rod bowed and quivered and his reel drag clicked madly as a husky small-mouth flashed up and out of the water to cavort wildly on his tail before diving for the bottom.

I was about to reel in to prepare to help him release the fish if and when it tired enough for landing when, suddenly, my rod-tip, too, was yanked violently into the water, and I had my hands full trying to slip the motor into neutral while keeping the slack out of my line.

So, each of us was on his own, whopping encouragement and laughing in excitement as we battled our individual antagonists. The motor, idling in neutral, left the boat to ride the gentle off-shore breeze which was to our advantage since an opposite wind

would have snarled us hopelessly in the heavy brush and lily-pads.

After releasing our fish—a couple of chunky 1½-pounders—we resumed where we'd left off. Strike after strike, again and again for the next two hours we kept our rods straining and our pulses racing. In addition to the small-mouth, the pickerel, yellow-perch, white-perch and some brown trout had their innings, too, although we were yet to hook anything of trophy size we could keep. Except for the largest of the trout and a few out-sized perch that we needed for the pan, we carefully released all other fish, helping each other with the unhooking in difficult cases, and not really hurting one of them.

The 10-year-old was fisherman enough to do this without complaint. Even to the occasional 2-pound, or in one case, close to 3-pound, small-mouth he could say, "So long. See you in July."

When I commended him on this, he answered with a smirk, "If I wanted to be a poacher, Dad, I'd use a big net instead of this nice rod."

His perpetual grin and flashing eyes never ceased to thrill me. If Maine grows on others as it does on me and my family, I can see that it also helps kids grow.

As the warmth of the sun beat down on our back, the strikes petered out and we decided to head for the cottage and lunch. "Okay, Skipper. Take over," I said, and after cautiously exchanging seats in the boat, Bob took over the job of piloting us back. Skimming along with a touch of spray on our faces, we winked at each other as I cleaned the fish. Not another boat was out. Not another person was within sight or calling distance. The gift that was Maine was all for us at that moment. And we ate it up like a

G.I. wolfs down Ma's cooking when home on leave.

After a lunch of baked beans, hotdogs, doughnuts and milk, we donned our swim trunks and cruised to the far end of the lake to inspect the new dam that had been built since our last visit. While beaching the boat, we ran into an old friend, one of those fortunate individuals who is "native to the state."

Mr. Martin was glad to see us. He too, had been out for browns that morning, only the fat brownie he had on a twig of birch

dwarfed any of those we'd seen. He smiled as Bob gasped, "Man! That's a fish!" And half an hour's gab-fest ensued, mostly between the "old-timer" and the youngster.

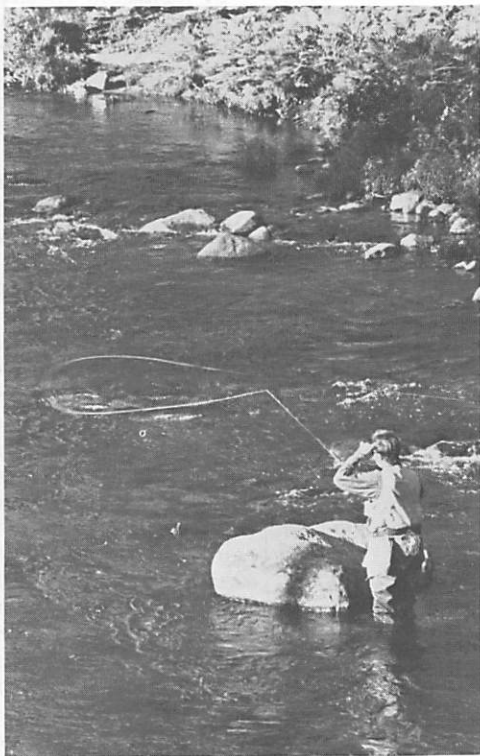
Mr. Martin, we found, had captured his prize through the use of a Gray Ghost streamer fished fairly deep. Also, he rowed his little boat, spurning a motor so far as browns are concerned. On and on the talk went, with Mr. Martin advising Bob about trolling methods and speeds, times of day when the browns in the lake hit best, and speculation about the size of the largest in those waters. Night fishing with a bright streamer such as a Yellow King, Bob learned was

often the most productive.

"I wouldn't be surprised to hear of you getting a 20-pounder one day, young feller," our friend said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"When I do," Bob answered confidently, "you'll hear me holler all the way up that mountain where your cabin is."

After bidding Mr. Martin farewell and promising to visit him at his cabin in July, Bob and I launched the boat once more and pointed her toward the sandy beach only a few minutes away. There we flung ourselves into the refreshingly cold water and swam



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and bathed for a half-hour or so, Bob taking pride in his increasing mastery of the crawl stroke, and both of us equally eager to soak off the travel grime of the day before. "This is the only way to take a bath, Dad," he exulted as he plunged time after time toward the lake's white, sandy bottom.

Later we hiked to the top of the cliff overlooking the cover, where a vista-vision panorama stretched miles away into the thin line where the green hills merged with the sky. Our appetites called us back to the cottage for our fish-fry which was followed by some house-keeping. How the lad's mother would have wondered at the eager way in which her son in Maine grabbed onto the customarily distasteful duties of sweeping and dishwashing. On top of it all, he hummed little tunes all the time he worked!

By the time we had finished the chores, the sun was racing toward the tree-topped hills. Our even-tide witching hour was in the offing.

Bass performed better than they had early in the day until dusk was blurring details of the hillsides, but no trout of any size seemed interested in what we offered. To make our chances even slimmer, an unfortunate north wind seemed to spring up from nowhere. Calm one moment, in turmoil the next, the moods of the lake never ceased to amaze us. Unusual for that hour on that lake, however, we were even more surprised at the chilly intensity of this wind. My hopes for bug-eating browns sank lower and lower as we tried surface, moderately deep, and very deep trolling and casting. Spoons, streamers, spinners, and combinations of same, even with pieces of worms attached for added attraction, were suddenly useless. By 9:10 p.m. we were pretty sure that action was over for that day.

"Shall we go in, Pal?" I asked, tentatively.

"Okay," replied Bob. "We can't complain about today. And tomorrow's coming."

One other boat, not Mr. Martin's, was out, and we saw that it was also headed for a dock a good way down the other shore.

"When the old-timers quit," Bob said with a forced casualness that would have hidden his disappointment from anyone but me or his mother, "I guess it's time for us to leave, too."

"Right, Old-timer," I answered, quickly. And his laughter was real and pleasure-filled again.

At breakfast, we noted that the wind had not really abated during the night. There were small white-caps out toward the middle of the lake where the stream of air whipped in from the northern saddle-back in the hills.

"How's for a try at some brook-trout for a change today?" I offered as we washed the dishes.

"Say! A good idea!"

"And," I added, "maybe by late this afternoon the wind will be quiet and we can try the lake again."

"Let's go, Pop!"

"You dig some worms while I rig us up for some stream fishing," I said. Then, noting his hesitancy, I added, "The brookies will probably be most interested in meat this time of year, Bob."

"But we'll take some flies along, too, won't we Dad?"

"Oh, sure," I agreed. "Worms ought to do it today, though."

A drive along the back roads toward the network of streams that pour out of the rugged uplands gave us picture-card scenery, the most impressive for Bob being the blue-water lakes and ponds. For me, the little farms and their green meadows tucked away along the semi-wooded valleys were equally appealing.

"Everything looks so shiny and new," my son said after we had driven about three miles in silence. "I wish we had this kind of country back home." After a thoughtful pause, "Tell me about that big ice-sheet again, Dad," he urged.

In fantasy, we went back to the ice age, trying to imagine what the land under our wheels looked like then. And, in our minds we tried to see the gouging, melting mass at its work: carving, shaping, filling, scraping, creating over unnumbered ages and with plodding infinite patience the glorious topography that was now our playground.

"You know," he said, mischievously, "I kind of like that ice sheet."

"So do I," I grinned as we pulled into a little clearing that was a small promontory overlooking a rushing, white-crested stream."

While scrambling down into the rather precipitous gorge, I mused confidently about the lack of fear that goes with walking in Maine woodlands. Poisonous snakes do not exist. Poison ivy has never really found a home here. A bare-legged boy could play safely there among the stream-side maples

and evergreens, his only discomfort being mosquitoes and gnats which any good repellent eliminates most effectively.

In the bosom of the stream-course, we stopped trying to talk over the roar of the sluicing water that completely engulfed us. Through the treetop-lined corridor above us, the azure sky appeared to be but another stream winding along with us as we searched for and found our first pool to fish.

"Worms are right!" shouted Bob over the muffled crescendo of the racing water. I waved encouragement to the boy as a jewelled brookie leaped clear of the pool's surface. His face was all laughter as he netted the snappy little beauty and I laughed in return as he pantomimed complete exhaustion to show me how hard the fish had fought.

Even as I raised the circled thumb and fore-finger sign of victory, I saw my own line jerk once or twice as a trout took the worm into his hideaway under an over-hanging rock. There would be no need to try fly-casting this trip, I could see.

Six nine-inch brookies, an hour and a half, and four pools later, we stopped and began the climb back to the car. At the edge of the stream, just before leaving that idyllic place, I gutted the fish and Bob and I examined the contents of their stomachs. Not a single winged insect did we find, and Bob's nod of understanding told me more than would have been true if we'd engaged in a long harangue about the virtues of worms versus flies back at the cottage.

"In a couple of weeks, they'll be going for flies," I said as we admired our catch.

"Yeah," Bob added a little dejectedly, "and we won't be here then."

"How about in July?"

"We'll try then with some flies. Okay, Dad?"

"Okay."

His chief complaint as we drove back to the camp was about how over-industrialization had ruined the streams and the forests in our part of the country. And he surprised me with his understanding of how the lack of agricultural know-how regarding contour plowing has silted the streams, stifling any hope for the brookies that were once native there. Pollution around manufacturing sites on river-banks also infuriated him. Whatever the shortcomings of Maine as a place to earn a living, for Bob it would always be a prime example of how well the land can

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prosper, given the proper chance by man, either by accident or by design. Maine had shown him lesson after lesson in basic conservation principles, and the lessons that he learned there have had most meaning to him because they've been so real.

Before turning into the road leading to the lane to the cottage, I offered him the usual ice cream and/or Coke which was available at a tiny village store at the cross-roads.

"No thanks, Dad," he answered sincerely, "I'll have some Coke *after* the trout. Don't want to spoil the flavor."

Although I could hardly believe my ears, I kept a straight face and promised to fry the fish up for lunch. And, as is often the case with the directly analytical mind of a lad Bob's age, it would have been a crime to spoil the flavor of those fish.

The memory of their delicate stream-flavor tantalized us all afternoon, tempting us to go back the next morning. After talking this over, though, Bob voted that we stick with lake fishing and keep trying for a big brown. I went along with his plan since the wind appeared to have calmed a bit and my hope was that we could fall into a good chunk of time when the giants come up for a tail-slapping spree. Time was running out faster than either one of us wanted to believe.

But after another swim and some more bass, pickerel, and perch, the old devil wind was with us again. It seemed worse than ever during supper and I tried to hide my disappointment by suggesting strongly that we'd have nothing to lose by trying for an hour or two. Bob's enthusiasm was only a bluff, and with good reason, for he could read the weather sign as well as his father.

So it was, by 9:00 p.m. of the second of our three days, that the best we had been able to do in the line of browns was to take a few that were truly keepers but just barely, in our book. Because we had plenty of frying fish and no desire to attempt to cart these little fellows back home, we returned them gently to the water as usual. I noticed that the grin was fast fading from the boy's face. His eyes didn't have that sparkle, either. That was another sign I could read. Tomorrow, our last day, would have to produce, or else the normal 10-year-old level of frustration-tolerance would be sorely strained. I wished hard.

"We won't give up, old Skipper," I said as I turned the motor over to him for the trip back to the cottage. His chin stuck out a little as he agreed, just the early traces of anger

showing.

Our late snack was a pretty glum affair. My jokes fell flat and it was only the boy's deep yawns that saved me from further pretense. He collapsed into his sleeping bag shortly afterward, leaving me free to make some kind of plan for the next day.

If the wind were still up the next morning, I decided, I would get him interested in some target practice with the .22, the idea being that a respite from fishing might return it to the pleasure it ought to be even when it's not in the cards for slam-banging, trophy-hunting action.

Despite the continued brilliant sunshine the next day, the wind seemed to have grown in strength as it roiled the lake into frothy white-caps of substantial size, tugging and twisting at the docked boat dancing against its fetters. Out came the .22, and somewhat of a success it was, too. I was mighty glad that I had remembered to pack it along with our other gear.

Three boxes of ammunition went into tin-cans and other targets we had set up against the rock-faced slope in the woods. This led to lots of chatter about plans for fall wing-shooting and the pros and cons concerning a 20-gauge for him the next Christmas. In the depth of the sheltered forest, the wind had not been noticeable at all. As we wandered back along the trail, Bob began to believe that the calm weather we had been waiting for had come. Rather than build him up for a let-down, I carefully avoided going along with his optimism, stressing the importance of checking it in the open.


As luck would have it, a survey from the dock showed that his optimism had been unfounded. Rather than talk about it, Bob suggested during lunch that we go down to the back cove for our swim, then survey the situation again later. So, breeze and all, we got into our trunks and plowed through the choppy water at a good clip just for the joy of it, with Bob learning something about the advantages of quartering the waves instead of hitting them squarely with the bow of the boat. In the cove it was calmer, and if the water was a little more icy than it had been the day before, we didn't really notice. By 3:30 p.m. we were back at the cottage, changing into our clothes and preparing for our last real opportunity for the success we hoped for.

The white-caps were gone, even though we couldn't ignore the steady pressure of the wind that afternoon. One thing, the bass

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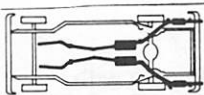
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seemed to hit with renewed vigor, and by evening we had a wrist-straining experience that we'd remember for a long time.

"Tonight will be the time, Dad," Bob said with a brave show of confidence. "Come on, now, you agree, don't you?"

"You may be right, Pal," I agreed, "but you know it all depends on this doggone wind."

"Calm down, wind!" the boy commanded, looking toward the sky. And this got us both laughing at such a show of omnipotence, which I joined by ordering the browns to wake up.

His command did not go entirely unheeded, either. After supper, we yelled with joy to see some calm spots glossing the opposite shore and some parts of the center of the lake.

"I told you, Dad," he shouted. The echo that bounced back from across the cove confirmed that the wind was down.

Not expressing my fears that it might be only a momentary lull, I shouted, "Let's hit 'em, Old-timer!"

We hurriedly gassed the tank and scampered for the dock. "Looks like this might be our big chance, Bob."

"And we'll stay out all night if we have to," added the youngster who had yet to learn to gauge fatigue until sleep knocked him out almost without warning every night. But we exchanged grins of agreement, anyway. The pact was made. This was it.

The wind had died a lot more by the time we made our approach to the point off which most of the browns in that lake are caught. Larger and larger patches of glassy calm spread before us. A good, long lull in the turbulence above that makes weather was at long last imminent. I could feel it in my bones. Both of us were trembling with excitement which was worse than our initial state before our first casts a couple of days before. We rigged up for long trolling of streamers on a 4-pound test monofilament to be fished without lead and slowly.

I snapped on a Yellow King for myself and gave Bob a Gray Ghost. Tandem-hooked and muffed in handsome hair and feathers, these deadly out-sized streamers looked adequate for the big-game that the local craftsman must have had in mind when he designed and tied them. We worked out our plan of attack.

Remembering Mr. Martin's attitude about motor noise, we decided to row. Bob would handle the right oar with his right hand, holding his rod in his left. I would take the

left oar in my left hand which would leave my right free to work the rod. At any strike, the one not engaged would ship the oars, reel in his line and prepare to net the fish when ready. Since we were some distance from shore, it was safe to allow the boat to drift as the fish was played.

Two other boats were making the rounds that evening, too, both using motors. As they passed within hailing distance, the disgusted shrug of shoulders told too well of their inactivity. Bob refused to be discouraged.

"They're probably fishing the bottom with Davey-Davises," he said skeptically. "Trout are going to be on top tonight."

"We're sure going to find out," I said.

Still, a few moments later, we held our breath when one of the boats stopped short. Only a snag. Plumbing the depths had its disadvantages, but the fisherman determinedly flung four feet of flashing hardware back into the water and gunned the motor to take up slack.

Our system of trolling was working fine. By playing out some 150 feet of monofilament, we could separate ourselves as much as possible from the "swimming" streamers and at the same time keep them in constant action with rod-tips, making them dart and jerk easily because of their light weight.

In spite of all this effort, we hadn't felt a nudge on our long-trolled killers by 8:00 p.m. The other boats were pulling out and heading home to leave Bob and me completely alone on the whole expanse of the small, deep lake. In the silence that followed their departure, the calls of wildlife came clear and true from shore and hills around us.

Sunset stillness was settling over the glazed, blue-black water. Among the pines beyond the shoreline, partridge thumped their good nights, and in the marshes to the south of us, frogs cheeped and croaked rhythmically. Quiet solitude crept hand-in-hand with the lengthening shadows of the hunched hills to the west. For my son and me, this spelled promise with a capital P.

We pulled into the lee of the point to await the dusk and rest our oar-weary arms. To pass some time, I snapped on a bronze wobbling spoon and cast a few times toward the gentle ripple that swept around the point. On the fourth cast, there was our first strike! Firm, yet not spectacular. Hooked solidly, the fish fought an underwater battle

Goings On

SPECIALS

HAMLIN MEMORIAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM FOUNDER'S DAY, Paris Hill, Aug. 30 (rain date Aug. 31), featuring the antique and classic car collection of Robert P. Bahre of Paris Hill. Special attraction: the Clark Gable Car. Open 10-4, admission \$1 children; \$2.50 adults. There will be an antiques and crafts flea market, 8 a.m. - 4 p.m. on the village commons.

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NORWAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY YARD SALE, Saturday, July 12 (rain date July 19) in conjunction with Western Maine Art Sidewalk Art Show.

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SHADOWS

I can almost feel the autumn sun
on dry cornfields.
The shadows in the naked acreage
are brown as forest streams.
The earth is cool;
the air is sweet;
I taste the orange-yellow horizon
and my blood runs through my skin.
Romantic cloud-islands dissipate
like youthful dreams in time,
while stillness
creaks with crickets,
And September's trees begin to brown.

George V. Van Deventer
Washington

Maine Humor

A Maine man who had always been a good provider drowned while fishing. When his body was found the rescuer called the widow to report. "When we found Henry," the neighbor said, "his clothes were full of eels. What do you want us to do now?"

The practical-minded widow replied: "Take him back and set him again." □

William S. Tacey
Pittsburgh, Pa.

all the way to the boat where Bob netted him easily: a fat 10-inch brown.

As I disengaged the hook, we saw tell-tale signs of several simultaneous rises just at the edge of the ripple. Hastily, I opened the fish's stomach and we nodded knowingly toward each other as we found it packed with insects and one small minnow.

"They're coming up to feed on the surface, Bob," I exclaimed.

"Let's go," Bob whispered tensely, grabbing his oar.

We pulled silently a few hundred feet into the ripple, the boat gliding as though on goose-down, responsive to our every bidding. Rises were now all around us, and our eagerness was growing in leaps and bounds.

We had to hold ourselves back hard in order to keep from hurrying our lures toward each new rise. Through patience and good fortune, we had finally hit one of those fabulous times when all the trout in the lake seem to congregate for a surface feast. Even in the descending dusk, we could see the silent rises dimpling the water for many yards around us; quiet rises, they were—trout—some curiously revealing the top fin as they pursued the tid-bit of their choice. We dipped the oars gently, quivering in anticipation.

Suddenly a resounding splash from a broad tail erupted the water not ten yards from our bow. We craned our necks and stared bug-eyed at the widening circle of little waves. "Boy!" Bob gasped, exhaling slowly.

"That's our fish," I said softly. "Careful and quiet, now."

Across On Greenwood Hill

They're working a clear cut up the road,
opening spaces that long now have stood still,
Wrapped us 'round with time and time enough
in trust of ample increase and inward fill.

The roads pushed through lie heavy of muck
upon Greenwood Hill where nothing winds
did blow,

There were the trees anchored fast and deep,
those the ripping saws have steadily laid low.

Still the sapwood run drives on and hard
in other parts that protect their heartwood core,
Come the snows, oh come quickly on us,
cover over what's been slashed and skidded sore.

*James Isaac Reibel
Norway*

We maneuvered the boat in a manner that swept Bob's streamer through the area where the big-boy had challenged. Still no strike. We moved along.

I glanced toward my son. A boy with an impassive face, jaw set; smoothly dipping and pulling gently on his oar, twitching his rod-tip erratically. Perfect. When his glance caught mine, I nodded encouragement. During this interchange our boat slowed slightly, allowing the lures to settle a bit. At that instant, Bob pulled a little harder to make up for lost momentum, and flicked his rod-tip high.

This must have jerked the streamer into a skittering surface dash, possibly creating a little stir in its wake. Whatever it was, that was when an arched hunk of TNT blasted into the Gray Ghost in a wantonly furious attack that numbed both of us for an electrified moment. Instinctively, I shipped the oars, and reeled in as fast as my clumsy hands would allow. Meantime, Bob's rod was bowed and his drag was clicking. Instead of trying to force the fish to turn, I noted with satisfaction that he had the presence of mind to let the forward motion of the boat keep the tension on before he began cranking carefully on his reel. To our consternation, the fish turned of its own accord and began to charge straight for our boat. Bob found it hard, then, to match its speed with the reel.

"Faster, Bob. Faster," I urged. "Keep the slack out!"

He grunted and did his best, just about making it.

About 30 feet from the boat the brown slowed, turned and dived. Once more the drag clicked off steadily for several yards, and we knew without saying it that the 4-pound test line was stretching to just a fraction under its breaking point. A snagged guide or a miscalculation of pressure at just the right point would end it.

"Don't try to horse him at all," I advised again and again. "Just try keeping your line slightly tight."

"I'm babying him, Dad. Don't worry," answered the boy through clenched teeth.

Without warning, the line went slack again. For a moment it appeared that the fish had ripped loose. That is, until an explosive thrashing form slammed up and out of the water in a spectacular leap that gave us our first clear view of our game. Bob stared at me, dumbfounded.

"Gosh, he sure looks like a big one," I gasped.



No answer from the busy fisherman.

If browns are supposed to be slow, dogged, underwater fighters, no one has told those Maine specimens about it. That fish stuck to surface tactics right up to the gunwale, the gloomy night falling rapidly now, accentuating through our imaginations his length and gaping jaw to a degree that was almost paralyzing both of us. By this time we were so tense, further conversation was impossible. We settled down for a long siege.

Net in hand, oars shipped, tackle-box to one side, I waited at ready for what seemed like an eternity before the fight was all out of our gamey combatant. A scoop of the long-handled boat-net and he was ours! I clicked on the flashlight, and Bob and I sat there watching him rake the net with his tail and teeth. Words were still impossible. All we could do was laugh in what must have sounded like maniacal revelry to anyone who could hear from shore.

"You did it, Pal. A jim-dandy! You're all right."

We removed the gaping brute from the net, unhooked him and laid him on some wet burlap we kept in the bottom of the boat as a cushion for fish we wanted to release. With the aid of the flashlight, Bob examined every detail of his wonderful opponent. Our little ruler showed him to be almost 23 inches long and I judged that he must have weighed at least four pounds.

I looked at my watch. The fight had lasted exactly 25 minutes. Darkness was on us now.

"Dad," Bob said as the fish flopped his big tail a couple of times.

About to clobber his head with the handle of my knife, I hesitated. "Yes?"

"I . . . think we ought to put him back."

I sat there, a little puzzled and not a little surprised.

"If we're leaving at dawn tomorrow," Bob went on, "what can we do with him? We don't have enough ice for the trip home. I'd hate to see him die for nothing."

I nodded, bowing to his straight logic. "That's right. He might spoil on the trip home. But you can still keep him if you want to. We'll try to get some ice somewhere."

"It wouldn't be crazy to put him back, would it?"

"Makes darned good sense if that's what you want to do, old Pal."

"That's just what I'm going to do, then," he concluded decisively. "Boy, what a fighter," he added, admiring his prize for one last time.

"Wish we could have a picture of him," I said wistfully.

"I'll always have this picture in my memory," said Bob as he lifted the fish tenderly and placed him in the water.

We kept the light on him while he regained his strength, dipped his tail tentatively a few times, then disappeared into the depths with strong, sure swimming action that told us he was all right. "So long," Bob called. "See you again some time, maybe."

A game fighter gone home. A game boy who had learned to turn thumbs up in favor of the valiant.

We shook hands, grinning through the gloom, tidied up our gear and headed for home waters. Purring along through the velvet night, I couldn't resist the feeling of pride that my son's manly action had renewed and enlarged in my heart for him. He had proved to be more of a man than I think I might have been under similar circumstances, or for that matter, than many of my grown-up fishing cronies could have been. Deep down, I hoped I would always be his first choice as a fishing pal. □

Anthony Stone is a retired college professor living in Locke Mills.

Lilacs

Purple and white clusters
Emerge from wax-green hearts
To blend with brown mummies
On long brittle stems
Where no life has flowed
Through shriveled veins
Since the withering and dying
Of other generations.

For now I shall enjoy
This brief renaissance;
I shall become inebriated
With the fragrant aroma
That caresses cool breezes
Whispering through the meadow grass
The sweet lyrics of this brief awakening
To all who pause to listen.

*Jack C. Barnes
Hiram*



THE STING

As we enter the month of July people's thoughts turn to swimming, hiking and all other outdoor activities that make summer such a pleasant respite. But in July my thoughts turn to the Sting.

The Sting for me is the bothersome presence of the yellowjacket bee. The yellowjacket is a stinging, vicious bee about half the size of a bumblebee. A yellow back and darting, weaving flying habits are its identifying traits.

Yellowjackets make their nests in the ground. Holes in rocks, logs and lawns are common sites for their homes. Although it's commonly believed that they will make their nests off the beaten paths, all this really means is that the bees don't make a habit of

setting up housekeeping in the middle of Route 302.

The reader may wonder why I have such a crazy fascination for this homicidal creature. There are two reasons. The first is the fact that I am forced to mow about two acres of lawn during the summer. A lawn in the Hills and Lakes region is defined as any area of land that does not have a thick covering of rocks, trees or zucchini plants. The lawn that I mow is well off the beaten path and the land is often infested with yellowjacket nests.

I have to keep an eye out for the little creatures. Should we meet, it is, for me at least, a memorable experience. Every time I am stung I develop strange rashes and hives and must be rushed to the hospital and pumped full of adrenalin and other drugs. Not being one who enjoys such treatment, I do my best not to get stung.

But despite all my efforts to rid my mowing area of yellowjackets the bees usually remain in some secluded corner of the lawn. In this case, whether or not I wind up getting stung depends on the weather.

There are types of weather that protect people from the waring bee and there are types of weather that make it suicidal to try

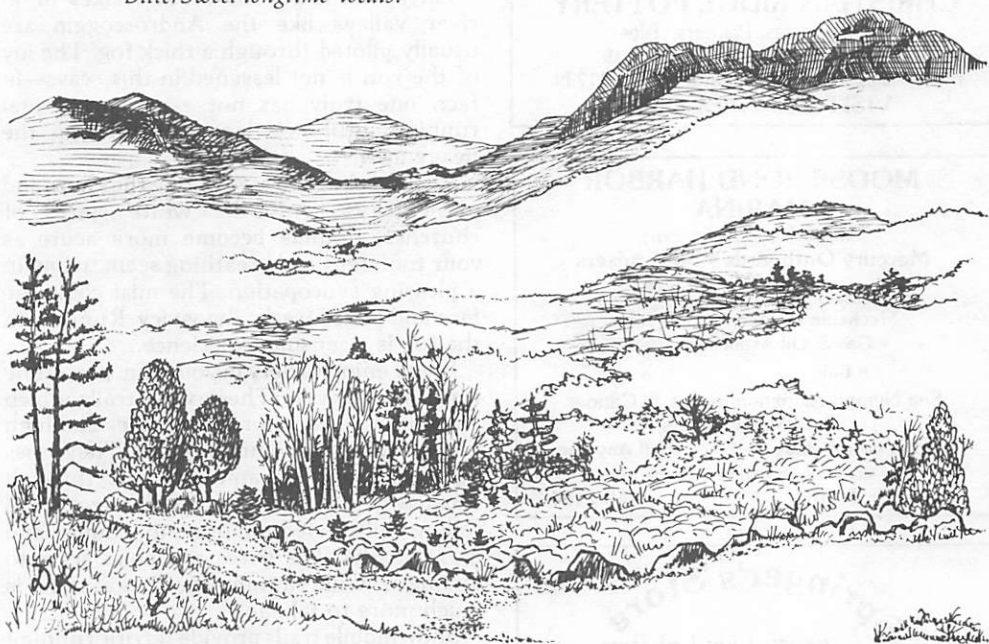
Cont. on pg. 52

Can You Place It?



A Mainer's Guide to a Maine Vacation

A short selection of favorite summer get-aways submitted by some special BitterSweet longtime locals.



Running Western Maine *by Richard Kent*

For those of us who enjoy running, joggers and full-fledged marathoners alike, Maine's western mountain region offers spectacular routes. Whether a mountain path or a back road, the choices the runner may tour are many and this variety adds sparkle to any run.

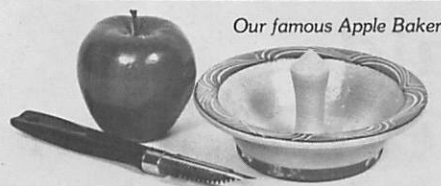
There is no chore, no drudgery when running in Maine's hills and lakes region. The labor of the run disappears as one's mind is fully occupied and the senses are engulfed. Even the most ardent of runners finds himself at a near standstill while gazing up river at a covered bridge or perhaps at a flock of sparrows which masterfully works the winds. There is much more to the run in the western woods of Maine.

The countless camp roads around lakes and ponds create many venturesome running paths. It is the enterprising or curious

runner who will explore these routes. On these somewhat hidden ways, the runner will be greeted by friendly summer folk and treated to a host of lake shore views. Take off down anyone of these roads and be prepared for pure running pleasure.

In the hills and mountains, gravel roads used for logging climb through forests and sometimes end on mountain tops or tucked between two peaks in a valley. Running on logging roads is relaxed. The runner will discover his war with the automobile ended for the most part. The commotion of everyday life is removed. The day is tuned-down to the more important things like sole wear and dreams. Getting lost may be half the fun of running these mountain lanes.

Running in the mountains is truly an exhilarating experience. And you'll find that many hiking trails are fit for safe running.



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Though each climb varies in degree of difficulty and you may have to walk at times, the view from the top is just reward. If you are new to an area, speak with some local people about mountains which could be run. Yes, they may chuckle at the thought of you running in the mountains, but fear not—you'll derive the most pleasure in the end.

Early morning runs around lakes or in river valleys like the Androscoggin are usually piloted through a thick fog. The joy of the run is not lessened in this case—in fact, one truly has not experienced total running until he's legged it through the heavy mist.

The fog clings to trees along the shore and plays tricks with the white spires of churches. Sounds become more acute as your footsteps and breathing seem to join in a pleasing syncopation. The mist cools the face and tastes fresh, almost icy. Running in the fog is a sensual experience.

If you enjoy variety in your run, powerline trails are for you. These wide trails which have been cut out for utility poles and high voltage wires are common sights. They cross mountains and streams and pass through small towns. The runner will travel small rolling hills, steep mountain climbs and grassy paths. The wires and poles seem to disappear while running the lines as there is much more to take in.

Snowmobile trails provide terrific running paths. During the summer months the trails are usually maintained by snowmobile clubs. The paths are wide and smooth enough for comfortable striding. Many clubs mark the trails with signs indicating directions and distances. If you stop by a local store, perhaps someone may be able to offer information for an interesting run.

If you enjoy opening it up and striding uninterrupted for miles, then mountain paths or hidden gravel roads aren't for you. If that's the case, western Maine has many secondary roads which have few cars, pleasant views and varying terrain. Take a tour outside any small town and you'll find such a road.

When running the western mountains of Maine, one will no longer be concerned or bound by miles or clocks. There is no need for such things. Each run—whether through mountain woods or on lake shore drives—is measured in moments. □

Kent, an avid runner, lives in Rumford where he works as a freelance writer.



Catching Bottle Fever

by Jerry Genesis

In your immediate area, perhaps within a short walk or at worst a mile or so drive from your own home, there are narrow, twisting country lanes and shadowy woods roads. One need go no further for some of the most exciting treasure hunting this side of Florida's Coral Reef.

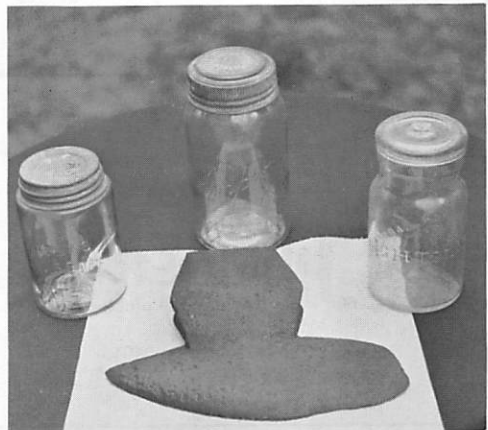
Old bottles of every size, shape, color, and unfortunately, condition, are all around and under us waiting to be uncovered. And they're not just old glass or junk. They have achieved the status of antiques, collector's items, and Americana memorabilia. Some are truly treasures. For instance, Suffolk Pig Bitters, embossed "Philbrook & Tucker - BOSTON" and shaped like a pig in the prone position with a bottle neck where its tail should be was valued at \$150 in 1968. A 1969 catalog of New England bottle treasures lists an unembossed, free blown, push up top, olive green rum bottle at \$25, and an unembossed, rough pontil, push up top, light olive green wine bottle at \$30.

Old embossed canning jars such as Lightening, Smalley and Mason's 1858 patent range from \$5 to \$10. Smaller, old medicine bottles aren't worth as much usually, but they're an education in themselves and will usually raise an eyebrow or two. Consider a flask embossed with "Fitch's Emulsion Terebinthina Canadensis Composita" (\$3 to \$5), or "The Great Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Kidney Liver and Bladder Cure" (\$5 to \$7), or "Dr. True's Elixir, Auburn, Me. - Worm Expeller and Family Laxative" (\$1 to \$3). The price differences apparently reflect the laws of supply and demand. It's reasonable to

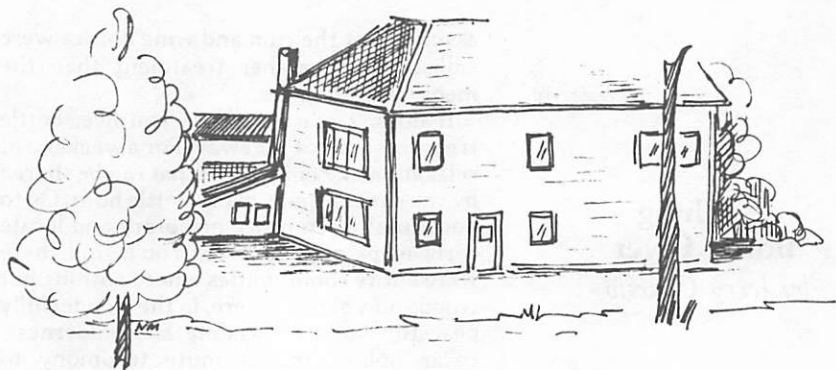
assume that the rum and wine bottles were subjected to harsher treatment than the medicine containers.

It doesn't matter where you live, bottle treasures are not far away. For a weekend of relaxation and enjoyment that can be shared by the entire family, plan a bottle hunt. Go to your local town office or library and locate early maps of your area. You'll find there were entire communities where nothing but woods now stand. There, in the wonderfully peaceful world of wildlife and wilderness, cellar holes gape in mute testimony to civilized man's earlier presence. Stonewalls that once marked fields and roads long since reclaimed by nature now wander aimlessly about. Wild roses, apple blossoms and lilacs abound in defiance of a hundred or more winters, annually exhuming something of those who once called this home. Forsaken and forgotten by time and humanity, these cellar holes and stonewalls are portals to our past.

If you have planned your field trip carefully you will have brought, in addition to your family, a picnic lunch, a first aid kit, gloves, hard soled shoes and pants (preferably denim) for all who will actively join the hunt, insect repellent, several potato digging forks (I find they work best and are almost as sensitive as a good fishing pole—the sound of shattering glass on such excursions can break your heart when you discover, too late, that it was a prize), a flashlight, some newspapers to wrap your treasures with and a knapsack or grain bag to carry them in, a camera (you'll want to capture the expression on your children's faces when they find something for they will be so excited about the hunt that even one of



Left to right: Atlas Mason's Patent (pint canning jar with metal lid, Improved Gem, made in Canada (quart jar with metal and glass lid); Trademark, Lightening (pint canning jar with glass compression lid); Broad hewing ax head.



Casco Days — July 24 - 26

Casco Village is not the ordinary Maine town. Its location on a beautiful lake is its first distinction, followed by the acres of heavy woods that surround it. Casco has even turned its woods into industry with the several lumber manufactures located in the town. The next noticeable aspect of Casco Village is the colorful face it presents to travelers. There are a few of the typical New England white frame homes with green trim but the rest of Casco's residences are a myriad of unusual colors: lemon yellow, mustard gold, butterscotch, spring green, lime, olive, scarlet, oxblood red, orange, pewter gray, dove gray, charcoal, chocolate brown, even strawberries-and-cream pink.

That is not all that is unusual about the village, however. On July 24-26 the Casco Firemen's Association will sponsor its annual **Casco Days** with midway games, rides, food & special events. That in itself is not unique, as many Maine towns have carnival events, but Casco is the only town which owns its own equipment. There are no Carney people in the village of 200 when more than 10,000 visitors come to enjoy the festivities; all rides, games & booths are staffed by local people; all the clowns are Casco firemen & their families. Everyone has a good time in the "hometown atmosphere" of Casco Days.

Events

Thurs., July 24 — Old Fashioned Square Dance, 7 p.m. Junior High School. Midway opens at 7 p.m.

Fri., July 25 — Midway opens at 6 p.m.

Sat., July 26 — Midway opens at 10 a.m. for all day & evening. 4 mi. Road Race at 9:30 a.m. Children's Parade, 11 a.m. Casco Village Old-Fashioned Day costumes, craft exhibits, old automobiles & band concert 11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. Grand Parade (over one mi. long) at 2 p.m. Public Supper at Junior High School at 5 p.m.

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Maine's newer deposit bottles will fluster them—or you may get a shot at a deer or an owl; a metal detector if you own, can borrow, or know where to rent one (not essential but helpful); and last but not least, permission from the landowner which is usually freely given.

It's always nice to offer one of your unearthed treasures (not necessarily your best) to the landowner at day's end if you hit paydirt or, failing that, return within a few days with a loaf of homemade bread or some such. Your host may even respond with information about where an old dump used to be generations ago and give you a carte blanche to explore at will. Also, one or two good bottle catalogs that can be found in most bookstores will be helpful and may inspire determination. Be sure the books concentrate or at least include bottles from New England. Two I can recommend are *Antique Bottle Finds in New England* by Virginia T. Bates and Beverly Chamberlain published by Noone House, Peterborough, N.H., and *Bottle Collecting in New England—A Guide to Digging, Identification, and Pricing* by John P. Adams published by New Hampshire Publishing Company, Somersworth, N.H.

During the hunt look for breaks in the back side of stonewalls. You'll find the wheel ruts of old woods roads proceed from these and if the road goes down hill you're apt to find an old dump in a ravine not far away. Broken tool handles, rotting lumber, rusty metal, shards of glass or pottery, or even a pile of stones such as those one would pick from a cultivated field are all telltale signs of a farm or community dump. Often the dump was just behind the stonewall so follow these around the sides and back. Watch for old wells in high or matted grass by poking ahead of your steps with a stick. Check inside walls and floor of the cellar holes but don't climb on loose stones or crumbling walls. Children, and adults as well, often hid things in nooks and crannies in the walls so check them carefully with your flashlight.


Even if, at days end, you have not found a single glass treasure, you will probably have at least caught the fever. You will have had an opportunity to sit on an old weathered and lichen covered stonewall and listen to voices of those who labored there a century ago sifting through the trees on the wind. You will be scolded by descendants of the blue jays and red squirrels that once scolded them. You will have spent some time with

the spirits of men, women and children who shaped and broadened our early frontiers. What you see, is in many cases, all they left behind. Most of then were people of no historical prominence but all had profound historical consequence. We need to be reminded, and our children need to be taught, of their sacrifices. Without fail, whenever I go bottle hunting, whether or not I find glass treasures, I always find myself. □

Genesis lives in Sweden where he is a member of the town's planning board, a newspaper reporter and salesman, in addition to being a bottle hound.

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In Search of A Saco River Legend *by Raymond Cotton*

The Saco River between the Brownfield (Rt. 160) and the Hiram (Rt. 5) Bridges is a gentle and confused stream.

It doesn't seem to quite know where it is going. It meanders around the Pequawket Valley like an intoxicated worm, using fourteen miles to cover the distance between the two bridges. A crow following his normal pattern would cut the distance to six miles.

For most of the distance it is bordered by alternating high cutbanks and sandy beaches (sand bars) perfect for camping, swimming and tanning. Because there are no rapids it is considered safe canoeing even for non-swimmers—providing they are equipped with P.F.D.'s (Personal floatation devices).


The brochures put out by the canoe rental people tell you all this and more but they don't tell you about the Pink Pearl Legend of the Saco.

As told in the evening around the campfires the story goes like this: In the early days of the white man's presence on the Saco, a man lived beside the river about whom people had reason to wonder.


A recluse, he spent much of his time on the river, trapping and fishing. Observers noticed that his method was unique for the time. He was continually poking at the bottom with a pole! His favorite spot was at the junction of Moose Brook and the Saco. People wrote his behavior off as just plain crazy.

But those who examined the man's belongings after his death found a box containing a quantity of pearls, the dark color of which would indicate that they came

(Cont. on pg. 35)



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BETHEL RECREATIONAL AREA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

July 4 — An Old Fashioned 4th of July picnic on the Bethel Common sponsored by the Bethel Historical Society.

July 10 — Strawberry Festival at the West Parish Congregational Church in Bethel; food and craft fair plus strawberry goodies to eat.

July 11 - 12 — Oxford County Mineral and Gem Show at Rumford Center. A favorite for area and visiting rockhounds.

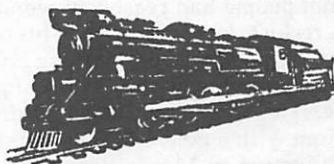
July 19 — Mollycokett Day Festival; bicycle races, woodsmen competition and fair on the Common in Bethel honors 18th Century Indian medicine woman who helped first white settlers in the area; Bethel.

July 21 — Indoor Circus, 7:30 pm. Telstar gym.

August 9 — 175th Anniversary of Town of Newry; day-long festival to be held at the Raymond Foster School on the Bear River in Newry.

August 16 - 17 — Sudbury Canada Days; summer version of the very popular wintertime "Heritage Days;" craft demonstrations, exhibits, 19th Century artifacts; Moses Mason Museum and on the Common, Bethel.

For further details: contact — Greater Bethel Chamber of Commerce, Box 527, Bethel, Maine 04217.



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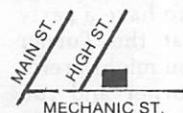
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Nature Lovers Cruise

by Alice Parks

Want a lazy, restful day on the water? There's no more beautiful cruise than on the Nezinscot River, and if you're so minded, bring your fishing gear. Perch, pickerel, bass and even an occasional trout or cusk lurk beneath the surface.

A canoe and paddles or a shall draft car top boat such as a light 12' or 14' aluminum or fiber glass model with a motor or oars is recommended for the trip.

There are several places to put in. One is off Route 117 at Halls Bridge at the south end of Buckfield village and there is also a boat landing in Turner just westerly of the Turner Bridge on Route 4. The landing itself is off Route 117.

Except during very high water, the river current is usually pretty slow.

It is, however, strong enough so that if you're boating without a motor or in a canoe it is best to put in near the Buckfield end, ride the current down and plan to have a party meet you and your boat at the Turner landing. If using a motor, you might prefer to launch your craft in Turner and run upstream. That way you can go as far as you wish, then turn back.

The river varies in depth from spots of six inches to holes of forty feet or more, depending on the time of the year and the weather. Sand bars are more prevalent at the extreme upper end of the river route near Halls Bridge, but it is not too much of a problem to drag a light boat over the obstacles.

If you're using an outboard motor, remember to bring extra shear pins and it is a good idea to cruise at a very moderate speed since the depths of shallows change suddenly.

Check the weather when planning your trip, but even if fine weather is predicted, a windbreaker or light jacket comes in handy in case of an unexpected breeze or shower.

In warm weather, a light top, shorts and sneakers (in case you have to go wading to get over a sand bar) are convenient to wear. In cooler weather and when the water is high, slacks, a long sleeved shirt and a hat might be more comfortable.

From Buckfield to Turner the river winds and curves and forms narrows and small ponds. If you know where to look, you might spot the abutments that are all that is left of the old Irish Bridge in Buckfield and there

might be some signs of where, it is said, a ferry used to cross the river in Turner.

Supposedly, there was once a big old barge that took parties upriver for picnics and outings on river islands.

Use all your senses on your river journey. Watch for a fish to jump, a duck to take off from the water, or simply take time to gaze at the scenery. Smell the freshness of the air scented with fir. Feel the coolness of the water and the warmth of the sun. Listen to the silence broken by the murmur of water and occasional bird song. Taste? Better take along a snack and something to quench your thirst.

And last of all—enjoy. We do.

Alice Parks is a newspaper reporter and real estate broker in Buckfield where her land borders the Nezinscot River.

Picnicing at the Flume

by Cora Thurston

Stow and Chatham have more than their share of interesting spots suitable for an afternoon stroll. One is the stone house in Stow and behind the house is a trail to the flume, a deep crevasse where the brook runs, with falls up above. It's quite a spectacular sight.

The stone house was built by Abel Andrews, who first build a log cabin in which he, his wife, and six children lived while building the stone house from granite quarried from the face of Rattlesnake Mt. From the cellar up the house was all fitted granite; each two blocks held together with iron rivets to prevent them from heaving.

The house is now owned by Saunders Bros. of Westbrook. I worked in their dowell mill in Fryeburg and used to clean the place each spring. The company owns 1300 acres of land around the place, much of it in cleared fields, and the rest wooded. Right now the hardwood is being cut for the mill in Fryeburg, and pine is being cut for sale to the government.

To reach the place, you follow Route 113 to N. Chatham, through Cold River Valley, by Baldface Mt. Then, just before you enter Evans Notch, you take a right hand dirt road across a wooded bridge. After crossing the bridge turn right and follow the road to a gate, about a mile and a half. The gate is usually closed and locked but the walk is nice and you can see the fields. A sign by the gate says Saunders Bros. The company doesn't object to hikers but vehicles are not allowed on the land without permission. Now walk up to road by some fields and a storage shed, and you'll soon come to the stone house.

Across the road is the original cellarhole and many old appletrees. Some members of the Saunders family use the big field to land their private planes when they occasionally come up.

(Cont. on pg. 38)

cont. from pg. 31

from the fresh water claims indigent to the Saco. Among them were three mysterious large and beautiful pink pearls.

George Osgood of Hiram, who heard the story from his father, spent the whole summer of 1916 examining the clam population of the river. He found many dark pearls but no pink ones. The advent of World War I put a halt to further search.

It would seem that it might be an interesting diversion for parties coming down the river to continue Osgood's search. Picture the thrill of sitting on a sand bar, cutting open a clam and perhaps picking out a pearl.

The clams abound in many spots along the river, usually near the banks where they are easily gathered by skin or scuba divers or by non-divers with a garden rake.

Osgood found that his best success was indeed the mouth of Moose Brook.

The northeast quarter of the U.S. Geological survey maps covers the area in question. It is available at many sporting goods stores and stationers.

It will be quickly observed from the map that there are no good access roads to this area, which is best approached by water rather than by land. □



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Main St. - South Paris, Maine



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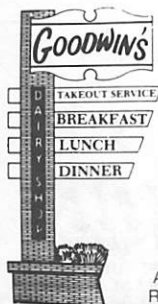
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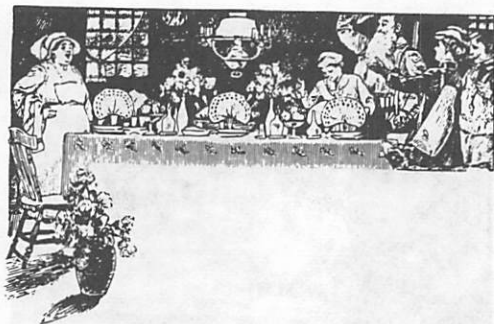
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HARRISON

The Bellringer

Main St., Rte. 117, Harrison, 583-4576. Children's menu included. Family style restaurant featuring steak, roast beef, prime rib, scallops, lobsters and special omelets (all kinds). Open Tues.-Sunday 7 AM-11 PM. Ice Cream Shop 11-11.

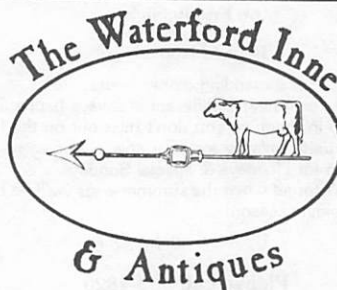
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South Paris, Maine 207/743-2532



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Maple Ridge Rd., Harrison, 583-4820. Friday night features the Checkered Cloth Specials - a real relaxed home style night and Saturday Night Buffet specializing in Regional & National Menus. It is dining elegantly to candle light and classical music. By reservations only 583-4820.

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LOCKE MILLS

Jordan's Restaurant

Rt. 26, Locke Mills. (Tel. 875-3515.) Open 8 a.m. - 9 p.m. Closed Wednesday. Authentic Maine country diner at the foot of the road leading to Mt. Abram with daily specials like veal cutlet and liver-and-onions for \$2.50. Homemade bread and pastries. Dinner \$2.50 - \$10. Take out service. Also

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Westways

Rt. 5, Lovell, about a mile south of the road to Evergreen Valley, on the shores of Lake Kezar. Regional country cuisine and elegantly appointed guest rooms overlooking magnificent Kezar Lake. Relaxed atmosphere also with woods trips, canoes, motor boats, beach & dock. Prime ribs & lobster special on Saturday nights. Reservations necessary (before 2 p.m.) 928-2663

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Downtown Norway. Open Mon. - Thurs. 5 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. till 8 p.m.; Sat. till 3 p.m. Oldtime diner atmosphere offering sandwiches and daily plate specials in \$1 - \$3 range. Homemade pastries like German yeast bread and chocolate chip cookies.

Dairy Hut

Norway Lake Rd., 743-8434, Norway. Located right alongside Norway Lake and offering all kinds of hot sandwiches. Lobster rolls, crabmeat rolls, hot roast beef, pastrami, ham & cheese, meatballs, and steamed hot dogs. Full line of ice cream. Soft and hard served and special frozen yogurt.

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Hours: 7 a.m.-9 p.m.

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(Cont. from pg. 34)

Beyond the the trail goes to Shell Pond.

Behind the house, go up a path to brook. Follow the path the the left and soon you will come to the flume, which is a beautiful place to take pictures or eat a picnic lunch.

Still farther across a footbridge and beside the trail to Blueberry Mt. is a very deep clear pool which is also worth going to see.

There are also lots of wild flowers to see along the road, and many ladyslippers grow beside the brook.

Cora Thurston lives in Chatham where she spends much of her time on her extensive flower gardens. □



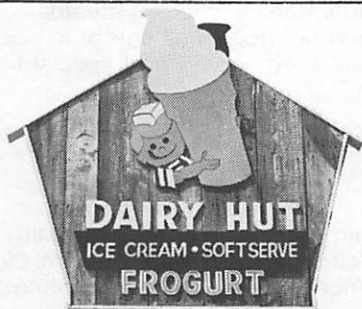
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bread. Good hot vegetables and tasty after-dinner mints, courtesy of the house. Dinners \$2.75 - \$7.95. Take-out available.

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p.m. July & August Tues. - Sunday 5:30 - 9

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wine listings. Dinner entrees, \$6.95 - \$12.50.

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WATERFORD

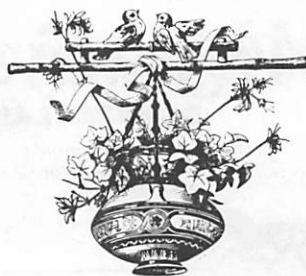
The Waterford Inn

East Waterford. (Tel. 583-4037.) Enjoy the season from the outside in or from the Inn-side out with country dining. Call ahead for special entree selection. Reservations required. Open daily. Lodging available in 9 lovely colonial guest rooms in private setting.

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Rt. 26, W. Paris, 674-2091. On your next trip to Snow Falls try Katies Kitchen. Always 2 homemade soups available, and when on special Old Fashioned Pot Roast and something new at Katies is Baked Stuffed Shrimp. Open 7 days Mon. - Thurs. 11-9; Fri. 11 - 11; Sat. 8 - 11; Sun. 8 - 9.



Fair Program

The gates will be opened for admission to the public each day from 8:00 a.m. until sunset or through the last event.

10 THURSDAY
 9:30 am Taste of Maine Cooking Contest
 10 am Show Oxen & Steers "Til' Done"
 10 am Oxen Pulling—Classes 1 and 2
 12 noon Midway Opens
 1:30 pm Oxen Pulling—Classes 3 & 4
 6 pm Sheep Shearing
 7:30 pm Barbershop Quartet Concert
 Square Dance Demonstration

Admission:
Thurs., Fri. & Sun
 Adults—\$2.00
 Children (under 12)
 & Senior Citizens—\$1.00
Saturday
 Adults—\$2.50
 Children & Sr. Citizens
 \$1.50

11 FRIDAY
 10 am Open Sheep Show "Til' Done"
 10 am Oxen Pulling—Class 5 & 6
 12 noon Midway Opens
 1:30 pm Oxen Pulling—Class 7 & 8
 2 pm 4-H Dairy Clipping Contest
 6 pm Sheep Lead Line
 7 pm Parade
 8 pm Powder Puff Ox & Steer Pull

12 SATURDAY
 9 am Horse Show All Day
 10 am 4-H Sheep Show
 10 am Dairy Show
 10 am Horse Pulling—Class 1
 12 noon Midway Opens
 2 pm 4-H Beef Show
 2 pm Horse Pulling—Classes 2 & 3
 6:30 pm 4-H Awards Program
 7 pm Horse Pulling—Class 4 & Sweepstakes
 7 pm Mini-Tractor Pull in the Show Ring
 7:30 pm Concert—Lincoln Mountain Bluegrass Band
 Last Chance String Band

13 SUNDAY
 9 am Goat Show
 10 am Pig Scramble
 10 am Pony Driving Show
 10 am Pony Pulling—Classes 1 & 2
 11:30 am Frog Jumping Contest
 12 noon Midway Opens
 1 pm Sheep Dog Trials
 2 pm Pony Pulling—Classes 3 & 4
 3 pm Blocking Contest (Sheep)

Free Parking



The Making of a Country Fair

The Ossipee Valley Agricultural Fair, which begins Thursday, July 10 and runs through Saturday, the 13th, is the culmination of a widespread, gung-ho community attempt to update and expand the old-time Cornish Fair, started back in the 1800's. Catering to the towns of Hiram, Limerick, West Baldwin, Kezar Falls, Porter and Limington, the event has drawn on abundant local resources. Forty-five acres of land bordering the scenic Ossipee River were cleared on weekends with donated equipment and labor. Lumber for a 16' x 24' administration building (below) as well as three pole barns and a multi-purpose building was also donated by local builders.

"The community has been totally involved," says fair publicity agent Rick Poore, who is determined to see that the friendly, non-commercialized spirit which gave birth to the fair is continued throughout the three-day event, by the introduction of such crowdpleasers as frog jumping competition and a hole digging contest.



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Store in Maine**

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Bumpin' the Boundaries

by Alice Parks

A practice of the past called "bumpin' the boundaries" can be just as much fun and worthwhile today as it was years ago. Homesteaders took a day out of each year and the whole family would pack a picnic lunch and walk the boundaries of their land. Whenever a border landmark was reached, each child in turn was taken by an elder, usually the father, and bumped against it. It might be a particular tree, a big rock, ledge or other natural formation, or perhaps a stone wall. By the time a child was grown and had been bumped every year it was pretty well assured that, as an adult, he or she knew exactly where the lines of the family property were.

Some old deeds refer to landmarks which are long since gone. One remembered from a particular deed specified "the tree where father shot the owl."

Walking the lines of property is called today, as it was then, 'preambulating the lines.'

You don't say ————— ❄

GOVERNMENT CONTROL

Maine apple grower: "Hard to tell who's more meddlesome, Washington or Augusta."

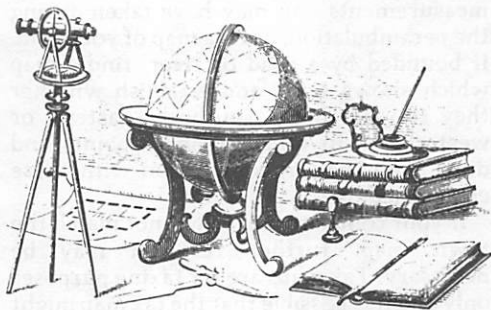
Second ditto: "At least in Augusta it's Mainers makin' their own mistakes."

First ditto: "Washington says our kids shouldn't work. Might be harmful to their health."

Second ditto: "Prob'ly the same fellas who put hockey and soccer into the schools and called it physical fitness."

First ditto: "Never knew an injury from a few weeks' work in my orchards. My kids are goin' to keep on pickin' unless some congressman comes in and does it for them."

Dr. William S. Tacey
Pittsburgh, PA



Preparations now, unless the lines are well known, probably will take a little more doing than packing a lunch, wearing hiking clothes and remembering to bring the bug repellent, unless one knows exactly where the boundary lines are located.

For those who are not sure, here are a few pointers. Get a copy of your deed or deeds to your land from the Registry of Deeds office in your county. In Oxford County, these offices are found at the court house in Paris and in the town of Fryeburg. Copies of the abutter's deeds can also be very helpful. A copy of the plot, or plan of your land, can be traced at the town office or other place that they might be kept, if your town has been mapped. An aerial photo of your land usually can be obtained through the local Soil Conservation office. The latter may show stone walls, rivers and streams or other boundaries by which many old farms were defined.

Now, once you have established your starting point from information in your deed, pack your picnic lunch, take a compass and measuring tape and your family and follow the steps set forth in the deed.

If traveling through a wooded area the line can be marked by blazing trees or marking them with paint (a can of spray paint is handy). Corners should be marked if there

are no markers already established.

Ideally, a corner marker might be an iron pin, or pipe set in cement with an identifying mark added, preferably the name of the owner and the year the marker was set. Before putting in permanent markers, one should confer with the abutters and agree on the placement. It would be wise to do this, also, when blazing or painting a line.

After perambulating the boundaries, you're ready for the next step. Using a protractor and compass points and descriptions from your deed plus any measurements you may have taken during the perambulation, draw a map of your land. If bounded by a road or river, find a map which shows same and establish whether they run northerly, southerly, easterly or westerly or to other compass points and draw your map in conjunction with these established lines.

If your completed map does not match the town map, further research may be necessary. Tax maps are for taxing purposes only and it is possible that the tax map might need to be adjusted. It is also a possibility that you might find you have more or less land than your deed calls for. If you find ambiguous wording or discrepancies in the

wording of your deed it might be wise to contact a lawyer; and if there are discrepancies in the amount of land, a surveyor.

You may have to trace the title, or deeds, back through previous owners before finding a deed that sets out specific boundaries.

To establish the amount of acreage, a land locator can be set on an aerial photo once your boundaries are established on the photograph. This should give you a fairly close figure of acreage. If your land is flat, it should come quite close. If it is hilly land, there could be a slight difference due to the contour of the land versus the flatness of the aerial map. A land locator can be purchased from forestry equipment companies or might be available for use at the Soil Conservation office.

So, if you have some free time and the sun is shining, make a family day of it. Perhaps your neighbors would like to join in and find their lines at the same time.

And for heaven's sake, find something more permanent to bump the children against than "the tree where father shot the owl." It might not be there twenty years from now. □

Alice Parks writes for The Lewiston Daily Sun.

Hiking Mount Cutler

by Raymond Cotton

So you have cancelled out on the Grand Canyon this summer! You won't be climbing El Capitan!

Then why don't you explore the Mt. Cutler Range in Hiram, Me.?

Just where is Hiram? It is only thirty-six miles from most anywhere! Thirty-six miles northwest of Portland on Rt. 25 and 113; thirty-six miles out of the Saco-Old Orchard area on Rt. 5 North. A similar distance out of the Norway-South Paris area via Rt. 117 South.

Arriving at the west end of Hiram Bridge, you go about a hundred and fifty yards up Mountain view Avenue and leaving your vehicle, you cross the Maine Central Railroad tracks and pick up the Barnes trail to the summit of Mt. Cutler. For the first hundred yards you will be travelling the ancient Pequawket Trail first trodden by



Indian feet over two hundred years ago. You will also be near the location of Frenchman Joe's abandoned silver mine. Mt. Cutler is one of the "Three Hills of Rocks" mentioned in the early historical accounts about Hiram as containing silver.

The Trail is marked by spots of red paint on trees and is mostly easy class two climbing but in a few places as you near the

"First Ledge" you will want to use your hands.

Should you be a rock climber who wishes to keep in practice there are good ledges on the Pequawket (Easterly) face and on the south-easterly side sometimes called the Wadsworth face. But if you wish to improve your skill at rapelling remember the mountain is very sparseley equiped with pitons, so come well prepared.

If you have reached the summit and react negatively toward the idea of dangling in thin air on a hunk of rope, you can continue south westerly along the summit ridge, elevation twelve hundred feet, to the Big Gully where eons ago some seismic upheval split the summit ridge asunder. The terrain slopes suddenly down to the six hundred foot level and as suddenly rised again to the thousand foot level on the opposite side.

Once this is negotiated you can continue on for a quarter of a mile or so, turning somewhat to the right (north-west) to reach Robbins Hill where Josh Robbins is rumored to have buried a cache of gold coins.

He concealed them so well he could never relocate them himself! Bring your metal detector and your favorite good-luck charm.

Near this point you will find the Richardson Road which enters the Hiram Hill Road which will bring you onto the Pequawket Trail Rt. 113 about half a mile north of your starting point. Here also a left turn will bring you face to face to other interesting mountains: Mt. Misery and Bill Merrill. The vistas you have seen will make you glad you brought along your camera.

And one thing more, on your way across this rumpled landscape keep your eyes open for the place where an early settler, reputed to be crazy, found an outcropping of lead. The old people tell that he possessed a hunk of pure lead which he had carved into the figure of an animal. His only clue to where he found it: "From where I stood on the mountain I could see three ponds of water."

The area covered by the Barnes Trail is a part of the Merrill Botanical Park. It is totally public and unspoiled. Farther on you could stray onto land posted for hunting, but there are no restrictions for orderly non-littering hikers.

So bring your family, bring a lunch, bring the equipment pertinent to your particular hobby. Hike the summits and enjoy! But don't for Pete's sake build a fire! □

Raymond Cotton runs a general store in Hiram.

You don't say



Metalic A Maine Indian

This bit of Maine history was told to me by an elderly lady who lived most of her life in the Buckfield and Sumner area.

There came a time in the long ago past when an unknown disease grew to epidemic proportions killing most of the Indians who inhabited Oxford and Androscoggin counties. Those that survived, packed up their belongings and fled to Canada.

As beautiful as Canada was, however, some of the members of the tribe became homesick. Several returned to their native grounds, among them the Indian women Mollyocket and the Indian brave, Metalic. Mollyocket's name is well known in the Norway-Paris and Bethel area. Metalic returned to South Arm near Andover and lived for a while on an island in Richardson Lake, which to this day, bears his name.

Metalic and his wife enjoyed the springs, summers and autumns and survived the rigorous Maine winters. One winter, however, when the winds screamed and blew the snows in blinding mists into blankets over the land, Metalic's wife died.

He could not bury her. He placed her body over the outlet of his smoke pipe and smoked her body to preserve it. The next spring the lone Indian buried his wife all by himself and then he sat for three days on her grave to worship her.

After that, Metalic moved into a camp and, using his knowledge of the land and the animals, trapped for his livelihood. Finally he reached the time when he was not able to take care of himself. At this point, the town of Andover took over his care and Metalic lived to a ripe old age.

Indian artifacts are still found, along the shores of Richardson lake and a book has been written about Metalic. □

*Alice Parks
Buckfield*

CRAFTWORKS



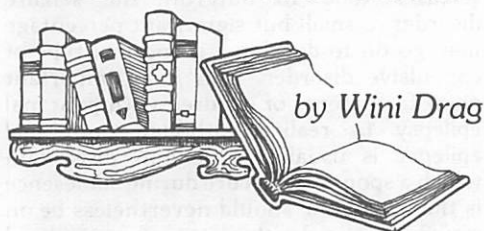
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Just Off The Shelf



The Golden Asse and Other Essays —

Mary Ellen Chase, published by Henry Holt & Co. New York, 1929.

Mary Peters - Mary Ellen Chase, published by Macmillan Co., New York, 1934.

There is sheer delight in this little volume of essays. Mary Ellen Chase (an English professor for many years at Smith College) puts the reader through a real workout as she plays with words, phrases, and bits of writings. She makes reference to books ranging from the most ancient to the fairly recent (1929).

Are you familiar with the Tale of the Golden Asse, Lucius Apuleius writing in the second century? No? Neither was I but I think I shall from now on reserve a special little niche for donkeys and roses.

Though admitting that her childhood escort, Richard, the gray donkey, was rather a "plaine asse," the author pays tribute to him by likening him to this golden mythical character and naming the book for him.

Miss Chase credits much of her exposure and appreciation of the classics to the hours spent waiting for the donkey to move. After some embarrassment and much frustration, she and her sister (mentioned frequently throughout the book) decided to carry a book in the cart and read while Richard rested. The essay suggests an age when the pace of things was much slower for children. Not rushing here and there to this and that, but sitting happily in a donkey cart beside a dusty road reading Dickens, Scott and others.

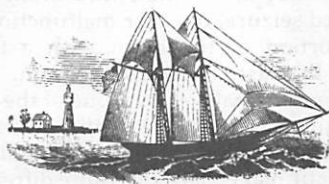
The essay "Not in Cadiz," relating tales told by the author's sea-going grandmother who visited the gleaming, white city, was enlightening. Its description was the opening scene in the novel *Mary Peters* and the beguiling city was symbolic throughout the novel. After reading the essay, one can understand why.

Each of the essays provides not only insight into the author's vast storehouse of

literary knowledge but her understanding as a devotee of a full, rich life.

In *Mary Peters*, the best known of Mary Ellen Chase's novels, the author has chronicled the early days of seafaring with the fine-tipped pen of one of whose ancestors lived just such a life.

Mary Peters has woven into its pages the strong fibers of those rugged men and women native to the coast of Maine but who traveled around the world. They were world citizens, bringing home not only foreign treasures but a philosophical outlook larger than the village from which they set sail.



Deftly, the author brings into the characters' lives the problems and conflicts and joys of everyday living as it was lived in the late 1800's and early 1900's. Matters of teenage passion, acceptance of death and the realities of life, religion and the small town annual revival meeting are all touched upon in a way that never detracts from the narrative but adds an appealing insight into the minds of both land and sea people.

Miss Chase poignantly describes the influx of out-of-state antique hunters and the effect the phenomenon had on the baffled villagers.

Though written more than forty years ago, the book is still being published. Its appeal is timeless. Dealing with periods of the main characters life, the book is divided into parts: The Sea, The Village, The Land, and again The Sea, much like the style popularized by James Michener in recent years in his historical novels.

After reading these two books, I was anxious to find others by the same author. I found a field varying from juvenile fiction to books about the Bible to books about England (where she spent much time), plus many magazine articles on as many topics.

Both books reviewed are still available either in a new paperback edition or from the area libraries and used bookshops. □

Wini Drag is employed by the Norway National Bank and is the proprietor of The Haunted Book Store on Main Street, Paris Hill.

Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

Epilepsy - Part II

Epilepsy may affect the entire brain in a generalized seizure, or cause malfunction of only a portion of the brain with a focal seizure. In last month's column, we examined grand mal epilepsy, one of the two most common types of generalized seizure disorders. A second type of generalized seizure, petit mal epilepsy, is quite different from grand mal epilepsy, both with respect to its brevity and its absence of any muscular convulsive movement.

Petit mal epilepsy also affects the brain in a generalized way, thus interrupting consciousness, but only does so for a brief

Although most children with petit mal seizures tend to outgrow the seizure disorder, a small but significant percentage may go on to develop a grand mal type of convulsive disorder. This is an important point for parents of children with petit mal epilepsy to realize; although petit mal epilepsy is usually a "benign" disease in which a spontaneous cure during adolescence is the norm, one should nevertheless be on guard for the development of generalized convulsive seizures later on.

Focal seizures, or seizures affecting only a particular part of the brain, are decidedly less common than the two generalized seizure disorders already described. Seizures affecting the temporal lobe, so-called psychomotor or complex partial seizures, differ from the grand mal and petit mal seizures. The aura involved is often an hallucination. Also, the patient affected does not lose consciousness but rather remains conscious, although confused. The hallucinatory auras may be visual, consisting of formed images, or auditory with imagined sounds or voices. Less often the patient can experience unpleasant or unidentifiable sensation of smell or taste as

"Medicine has much cause for optimism in treating epilepsy...society, on the other hand, has not kept pace with medicine and still harbors century-old fears and prejudices about the disease."

period of time, in fact, only for a matter of seconds. To the observer, the seizures resemble a period of inattentiveness or absent-mindedness. A gradeschool student with undiagnosed petit mal epilepsy may be branded as poorly attentive, as a daydreamer. But if the child with petit mal epilepsy is observed closely during these brief periods of inattentiveness, he will display rhythmic movement of the eyelids or facial muscles. Such muscle activity is extremely subtle, but obvious when looked for. Attacks of petit mal epilepsy are so brief that they do not interfere with other muscle activities, such as walking, swimming, or riding a bike. Petit mal seizures are the most common form of epilepsy in children, and rarely occur before the age of four or after puberty. And, whereas a patient with grand mal epilepsy may commonly have two or three seizures per year, untreated petit mal seizures may occur at a rate of several hundred per day. It is no wonder then that such seizure activity untreated can seriously interfere with learning.

the aura, signalling the onset of a temporal lobe seizure.

These seizures may begin with a sense of familiarity, or *déjà vu*, and an old memory or scene may suddenly be recalled to mind quite vividly. Quite commonly, too, the patient experiences fear and anxiety. When experiencing the temporal lobe seizure, the patient appears to be confused and out of contact, although he is still able to perform habitual acts, such as driving a car. As is true of all forms of focal epilepsy, psychomotor seizures can progress to involve the entire brain and give rise to a generalized convulsion.

Another group of focal seizures are the partial motor seizures or Jacksonian "motor marches." These feature rhythmic musculature contractions of only a part of the body, classically the fingers of one hand, followed by the arms, then the face, in a progressive fashion. A convulsive demonstration of the spreading electrical discharge in the brain. Less commonly, and more difficult to diagnose, a focal seizure of this type can

involve only sensory changes, whereby there is a recurrent "pins and needles" feeling or sensation of crawling, or electrical shock, or a sense of movement of a particular part of the body with any muscular contractions per se. Because this sensation of "pins and needles" or a part of the body "going to sleep" is such a common finding in other, less important, maladies, it is important to stress that in focal sensory seizures the same identical part of the body is affected each time in a recurring fashion. It is also important to stress that this type of seizure disorder is distinctly uncommon.

When there is no primary disease process causing seizures in an individual patient, we term the disease "idiopathic epilepsy." This means simply that the cause for the seizure disorder is not known and that if one were to analyze the brain microscopically, everything would usually be found to be quite normal.

On the other hand, a common cause of focal or generalized seizures of the grand mal type is a scar on the brain from prior head trauma. This type of epilepsy is termed post-traumatic epilepsy. Other causes of generalized convulsions include withdrawal from barbiturates and alcohol and bacterial meningitis in children. Several high blood pressure, severe diabetes out of control, and severe overactive thyroid states can produce a seizure problem. In addition, about five percent of infants and young children up to the age of five have a convulsive seizure during some minor illness with fever. These "febrile seizures" are usually generalized in type but can be focal and tend to recur in such children with subsequent episodes of fever. A small percentage of these children with febrile convulsions, especially if they have a family history of epilepsy, may develop other forms of seizure disorder later on in life.

Seizures in children between the ages of five and ten are usually petit mal in type, and there is almost always no underlying brain abnormality. Eight percent of these children are well-controlled on medication and have normal scholastic, emotional, and social adjustment.

The most common causes of epilepsy in adolescence are the idiopathic and post-traumatic varieties of epilepsy. This is true also for seizures beginning in early adulthood from ages eighteen to thirty, although alcoholism, drug addiction, and, much more uncommonly, brain tumors, also

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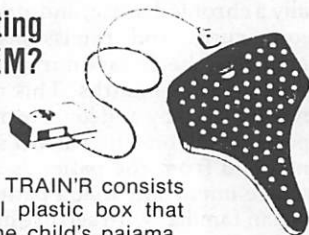
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need to be considered as causes for a new onset seizure problem.

Seizures seen for the first time after the age of thirty are usually secondary to trauma, problems with drugs and alcohol, tumors, strokes, or less commonly, are of the idiopathic variety (that is, with no demonstrable abnormality of brain tissue other than the abnormal electrical discharge).

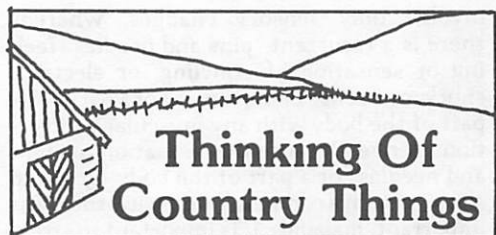
In considering treatment of epilepsy, it is tempting to think that the offending electrical focus might somehow be "cut out." This is, in reality, rarely possible, and then usually in a very few cases of seizure caused by tumor or brain abscess. Almost always seizures are controlled by medication, and they are almost always controlled quite well.

Although the discussion of specific medicines for epilepsy is beyond the scope of the article, a few general points are important to consider. Drug dosages must be individualized; there is no standard dose of medicine for a given kind of seizure disorder since people tend to metabolize drugs at different rates. Certain stresses, such as severe physical exercise and lack of sleep, will enhance the tendency of seizures to occur and should be avoided. Excessive use of alcohol and drugs will obviously cause a similar poor control of epilepsy. Beyond this, if the seizures are well-controlled, as they usually are, a person should be encouraged to lead a normal life; this includes swimming and driving.

Lastly, it must be realized that epilepsy is usually a chronic disease, and although spontaneous cures and remissions do occur, nevertheless the disease duration is marked in years and not months. This means long-term drug therapy and long-term emotional support both from the patient's family and friends and from the patient's doctor. It is therefore important that a patient choose a physician familiar with seizure disorders and with the drugs used to treat them.

Medicine has much cause for optimism in treating epilepsy; with our new drugs, the disease is well-controlled. Society, on the other hand, has not kept pace with medicine and still harbors century-old fears and prejudices about the disease. A good understanding about epilepsy, the disease, may help to correct this. □

Dr. Lacombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group in Norway, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Board.



by John Meader

Junk

Every homemade sign on every stake, fence post or power pole advertises a garage, lawn or porch sale. It becomes a form of visual pollution.

The potential treasure put on sale runs from shakey-legged tables to sturdy stools to crossed-legged Buddhas in stone to stuffed herons who stand on one leg, of course. This, too, is a kind of pollution, as the seller presumably has recognized. The hope of the extra dollar is the carrot that lured this stuff out, but the stick that prodded was the horror of clutter. Horror; and the fact that humankind can bark its shins on a moveable object only so many times before the object gets moved.

The idea, now, is to move the objects from my yard into your garage. And the idea is not in the least bit groundless, for who knows

"Never underestimate the appeal of a nearly-virgin toboggan with a story to tell."

how a lidless percolator will fit in the machinery of Mr. and Mrs. America's life? Never underestimate the appeal of a nearly-virgin toboggan with a story to tell.

The barnsale-syndrome, if I may give it a label, reflects social changes I think. It's an "indicator" as the professional scrutinizers of the current scene like to say. What's indicated?

First, one sees perhaps suggestions of our shrinking affluence. The old TV that once would go to the kid who mows the lawns is now put up for sale. But second, perhaps we don't know anyone to give the TV to anymore. The teenager burns a portable 17 inch. These are odd times. Our affluence is shrinking, but just exactly where?

And third, we can't give away our castaways but we know we can sell them, to phrase the oddity in another fashion. This has to do with another recent change: the reform of the city or town dump. Once was, the amateur junker, that addicted seeker of the unwanted-but-useable, satisfied his fierce craving by prowling the smoking wastes inside the chainlink fence.

Now that dumps have succumbed and become sanitary and managed, the addict is thrown out upon our side streets. The junker who once wandered in rubble and tossed bottle at the gulls now follows the hand-painted signs.

Even sanitized, the dumps still work a spell. They're a gathering place. Who knows who'll meet whom on a Saturday morning; and, moreover, whom bearing what?

I wish I'd met the party whose window frame is now part of my barn. It was a full-size casement with all but one pane of glass intact when it came off the Turner dump. Frames and sash, the whole business, was painted purple. It isn't any longer, of course. But was the whole house purple? Who chose purple in the first place? What color is the family car? Do they keep blue cats?

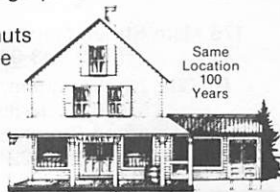
But the material that doesn't make it to the dump is the really interesting kind. Human nature is exposed naked to the world in what we can't quite force ourselves to throw away. That's why it's quick to end up in the attic, cellar or garage; we are unwittingly modest and hasten to cover ourselves.

To buy a house is oftentimes to acquire a second-hand past provided the attic hasn't been skin clean. My family came by an attic that contained many notable things. I remember a box with metal plates in the shape of footprints upon which one might stand, I guess, while an electric current purportedly passed through one's system, healing, soothing and putting straight all the jangles. I was not permitted to experiment. But someone surely resorted to the device.

What was once junk may also go into art. I'm thinking of the sculpture that stands beside the Androscoggin in Lewiston, at the end of Main Street. The ingredients are cogwheels and old driveshafts. Brightly painted, the assemblage has a kind of light and cheerful aspect. I don't suppose it's art, but it's quite a bit more than the mere junk that composed it. Call it decoration, perhaps, of which no city, except Disneyland, has over

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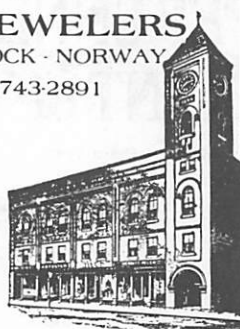
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A society that will seek and find art where none was intended, in the casual and discarded, is one that's ready and even eager to produce new junk, although the notion sounds as though it ought to be a contradiction. One thinks of "junk food," yellow puffs or nutritional vacuum whose chief ingredients are starches and salt.

Junk mail inundates us, offering cluttered vistas and instant access to what isn't junk when you buy it but has a use-life of about two days before its supposed purpose reveals itself as the mirage it always was, or the plastic handle breaks. One can buy a working model of a Texas ranch, for instance, complete with radio-controlled jeeps and perhaps cowboys, fueled on tacos and carbonated sugar.

Beside this sort of thing, our own junk suddenly seems very wholesome. After all, it came into the world designed to really serve; and service and use have worn it down to its lesser stature.

There's the pile behind the barn. Every farm has one. It doesn't get the notice given to garages, cellars and attics, but its role is just as vital. It's where you can drop something without having to move it again, for a good long time even if need be. And it's where one turns as a kind of last resort when the disc-harrow breaks again.

I shan't tell you what's in my barn-pile, for that would be immodest, nor what's on my neighbor's, for what would be gossip; but I wish to suggest how clean and wholesome this junk is and so I offer a composite picture: a six foot section of quarter inch angle iron; a set of headlights for a six-volt system; a dozen or so empty two-gallon oil cans which could be used as sap buckets, properly attached and, of course, washed; four sections of blower-pipe for silage; a rear axle to a 1932 Dodge truck; the cast-iron stand of a hand milk separator (where the separator went, nobody knows); assorted pipe, from 3/4 galvanized to four inch PVC; a broken ladder which one cannibalizes for replacement rungs; cinderblocks; five gallon joint compound pails; rods, bolts and sundry. And more sundry.

Would I part with such a pile? You bet not. And could I? Probably not, either. For as a friend of my father expressed it, "Even if you never use it, it's good to have."

Meador is a farmer and writer living an uncluttered existence in Buckfield. □

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anything like mowing a lawn that has even a hint of yellowjacket infestation.

The best type of weather to venture into yellowjacket territory is when the wind is out of the northwest at about 5-15 mph and the temperature is in the low to mid 60's. Yellowjackets hate these weather conditions. You can run over their nests five or six times before they get mad enough to start stinging. Another good time to mow is while it's raining.

But when the temperatures are in the eighties and there's a light to moderate west-to-southwest wind, forget the mowing. Those yellowjackets will attack anything that comes within three feet of their nest. And don't try to mow an infested law directly after a rain storm. The bees are especially active at this time. Never try to mow during the early or late afternoon. The best time of day is during the early morning—and I don't mean ten o'clock. I mean at about sunrise.

Although yellowjackets are fierce I have never had any problems with them except while mowing. There is really no reason for anyone to get stung under any other circumstances. If you watch where you walk and don't go tramping around stone walls and fields wearing shorts, those of you who are lucky enough not to have to tackle mowing a local lawn should be treated to a sting-free summer. □

Jay Burns is a senior at Oxford Hills High School. He lives in Waterford where he serves as a weather observer for WCSH-TV.



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BRAINTEASER XX

The secretary of the tennis club was busy writing down the names of the players who had entered for the men's singles title.

"Heavens," said the treasurer. "There are 128 of them—it's going to take weeks to finish the tournament."

"Three weeks and one day," agreed the secretary. "That's if we play the final on the last day—and have the same number of matches on each of the other days."

How many matches would be played each day?

ANSWER TO MAY BRAINTEASER

Two people won May's brainteaser. Dana Hall of Lewiston (a brainteaser veteran) and Christina Rowden of Bridgton (another avid puzzle solver.) Both reasoned that the five-year-old inhabitant of the 22nd floor of the apartment building would be forced to walk the three flights of stairs rather than take the elevator because he would not be tall enough to reach the elevator button to the 22nd floor.

Vernon McFarlin of South Paris, who also answered correctly, sympathized when the child's plight and offered the following suggestion:

"It is unfortunate that any young child has to live in a large apartment house but if this must be and parents would rather not have him climbing lonely stairwells unaccompanied. They might put a small foot stool in the elevator."

Other correct answer came from Lawrence Stiffer of Boston, Mass. (who offered these words of encouragement) "In 3 mos. he should reach the 20th floor and I'll bet by Christmas I will be going solo to the 22nd floor;" Tim Litchfield, West Sumner, Donald Carrier, Oxford; Mary Perham, West Paris; Weino E. Kyllonen, Hebron. □

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The Home Front



Back to the Back Country

by Stanley Foss Bartlett



Almost any one of the grass-grown byways that turn inconspicuously from the hard-paved high roads along the Maine countryside will lead one to a forgotten land that was Maine a century and a half or so ago. These narrow, crooked old roads wind up hill and down dale, twisting around obstructions and running leisurely between tumbled stonewalls and rotting stump fences.

Here and there they stretch across old covered bridges that long since have ceased to rattle to the tune of hard hoofs and heavy wheels. Now and then the roads pass silent little schoolhouses that hide their faded red clapboards amongst the weeds and wild flowers. Beside the streams the massive foundations of long-deserted water-mills hint of bygone days. Frequently the roads emerge from the woods into broad clearings that are rapidly being reclaimed by nature, while the gray old farm buildings that once surveyed the surrounding acres with pride, squat in neglect, shaded by great gnarled elms and maples and brushed by robust clumps of lilac bushes. Old orchards lift their tired heads from meditations of the past to send forth a few fragrant branches.

This is the Maine back-country, once the frontier of progress and civilization, now left behind as the thin film of settlement followed up the concrete and steel thoroughfares to concentrate as spots that grew into

compact communities for one reason or another. As we stand in one of those abandoned openings, that once was a thriving farm—an independent world in itself—aside from the main routes of travel, afar from the nearest village and miles from the conveniences and luxuries that we call common comforts, we do not wonder so much why such places were deserted but rather, why they were settled.

Perhaps the story of how they were settled may explain to some why they were settled, and the continuation of that story thru the subsequent years will also explain their abandonment.

These settlers did not cluster their homes into a compact village. They came to town, selected a site that suited their desires and ambitions, usually a mile, often five and sometimes 10 miles from their nearest neighbor. Ordinarily they were not within sight of each other. Some chose to set their homes in fertile meadows, others on timbered hills and some others beside rushing streams that might someday turn their mill wheels, if they were industriously inclined.

They did not seek to group their homes, for convenience sake, as families do now, but rather to establish independent empires, as wide in their boundaries as they were able to manage. For this reason, the descendants of some of those pioneers, who were able to


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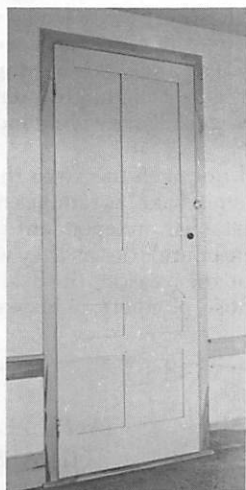
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retain their original holdings, have found themselves possessing vast and valuable estates.

The sets of old farm buildings that we see today in the back-country were once as much a part of the community as those homes that happened to be located where villages and cities grew up. The establishment and growth of the villages and cities was more or less a matter of chance circumstances. Sometimes they developed around a popular saw-mill or grist-mill, or a trading post; sometimes around a spring of good drinking water; often the chance route or terminal of a trail, a stage-coach road or a railroad determined what areas should become more heavily populated and what should gradually become back-country.

Of course, these abandoned houses that stand in the neglected fields today were not erected by the settlers immediately upon their arrival on the scene. The process was slow. When the pioneers came into the wilderness from settlements were also little more than wilderness, they could bring but the bare necessities of life on their backs or sleds. With only an axe and a kettle and a few other homely articles to aid them in a virgin land, they had little time for dreaming of comfortable frame houses. There were vital tasks at hand.

Almost literally, they dumped their meagre load of equipment and supplies on their chosen site and set about at once felling trees. They used the logs cut from the trees to build a cabin, and the land they had cleared for a garden plot, in which they planted seeds they had brought. The floors of their cabins were made of poles, the roof covered with "shakes" split from cedar bolts and the chimneys fashioned from rocks, sticks and mud. If their hut had windows there was no glass in them.

Gradually, they increased the area of their clearings, burned the "slash," uprooted the stumps and unseated the boulders. The stumps and rocks were used for bounding their acres. Obviously the pioneer, man, woman and child, was busy for a few years with the fight for existence. As the openings were enlarged and improved, and the crops and flocks, if any, increased, they felt an urge for better dwellings. Then, perhaps more than today, a man's house was a measure of his ability and success on the frontier. It was at that stage of development that the old houses, we now see were erected; and they were built well, for every detail involved so

much effort that it could not be overlooked.

Regardless of how prosperous a man was, the building of such a house in those days in that remote region was an ambitious project. First the cellar was excavated, by hand of course, and then walled up with great granite boulders, which usually were plentiful nearby. A massive foundation that was to support three or four fireplaces and a great chimney was laid up in the center of the cellar.

Apparently there was no question of choosing a style of architecture for almost all of the houses of the period were of the same type; in fact, they were so nearly identical that one man might have constructed all of them had that been possible. The houses were squatty and low-eaved, about 25 by 18 feet on the foundation, with gently sloping roofs, and connected with their barns by long sheds.

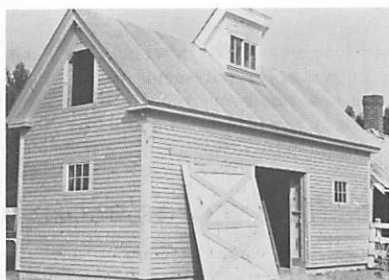
The timbers for the foundation, as for the whole main frame of the house, were hewn by hand from spruce logs and were mortised and pegged together. The floor stringers, wall studs and roof rafters were partially hewn smaller logs. The boards for covering the frame were sawn, usually by hand in a saw-split, from great pumpkin-pine logs. Some of these boards measured between two and three feet in width, and those used for conspicuous inside finish contained no knots nor blemishes.

The finish boards were hand-planed. Window-sash and moulding and the like was made on the spot. In many cases the boards were tongued and grooved by hand for matching. The use of nails was eliminated as far as was possible because it was necessary to fashion them individually at the forge and anvil.

The bricks for the fireplaces and chimney were often hauled as far as 100 miles from the nearest brickyard, and the glass came, perhaps on the same, ox-cart load over the tortuous roads, from the coast towns. The hardware, such as the hinges and latches, was either made on the scene by the owner or forged on order by the nearest blacksmith, who usually wasn't so near.

Sometimes the house was clapboarded and sometimes shingled, but often the outer boarding had no protection whatever from the weather, not even paint. The roof was boarded from eaves to peak, instead of lengthwise as is now the custom, and shingled with shakes. The ground floor of

(Cont. on pg. 58)



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letters to the editor

I enclose a few "reminiscences" of Paris Hill. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that I could write a new one every month for a long time. If they are of any interest, I should be glad to try.

Raymond L. Atwood
Paris Hill

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN

"Rant" Ripley was a character up in what used to be called the "Partridge District." (I know because I taught the one room school there one Fall). Nowadays it is called Ryerson Hill.

Uncle "Rant" was a "Greenbacker," (a term which will not mean much to the present generation), a Democrat, and a most outspoken man on almost any subject.

One day a group of men were sitting on the porch of the old store at Paris Hill, and they noticed that Uncle "Rant" was coming up the hill from South Paris (the Cape), with a bag of oats in the back of the wagon, a few groceries, and the old man bent over in the seat with the reins loose in his hands.

One of the men said, "What do you suppose he is thinking about?"

Somebody said, "When he gets here, I'll just step out and ask him." Well, as the wagon came alongside, he went out into the road and hailed Uncle "Rant". "We were wondering what you were thinking about?"

Uncle "Rant" stood up in the wagon and addressed the crowd in a loud voice, "I'll tell you what I was thinking about. I was thinking about this here country of ours. FIFTY MILLION (not billion!) dollars in debt, and a gang of damn loafers wastin' their time sittin' on that store platform, addin' absolutely NOTHING to the national wealth. Giddap."

Uncle "Rant" had a neighbor that he despised. The neighbor had moved to South Paris and died. Someone asked Uncle "Rant" if he wasn't kind of sorry for having been such a poor neighbor to him, now that he was dead and GONE TO HEAVEN?

Uncle "Rant" really rose up in indignation. "That man in Heaven? Then HELL was created for no purpose whatever!" And he waved his hand dramatically in the air, "That man in Heaven! Why, you could put TEN THOUSAND such souls as his on the point of a cambric needle, and they would have more room to "jump-jim-crow" than a codfish in the Atlantic Ocean! Why that man was so MEAN that every penny he even got his hands on went down into the darkest corner of his pocket sinking, GOOD-BYE, FAIR WORLD, GOOD-BYE."

I remember as a boy, Uncle "Rant" had butchered an old cow and was peddling the meat house-to-house. My mother, after listening to the old man's description of how tender and tasty the meat was, bought some. After she had paid for it, and he had the money safely in his pocket, he hesitated a minute, then volunteered, "Now there is one thing that I allus suggest, I recommend POUNDING on it before you cook it." And did it need it! □

THE WRONG PARSONS

I have enjoyed your magazine for some time and was quite surprised to see the name of my great-grandfather Stephen R. Parsons mentioned in your May issue ("About Art and Artists" by Harry C. Walker). However, I think that the author is mistaken about a painting by John F. Fitz being of him. Stephen R. Parsons was born in 1830 which would make him only 28 when the painting was done—hardly old. I think the painting must be of John Parsons Jr.'s father-in-law and Stephen's grandfather Stephen Robinson. Although he died in 1825 possibly a painting could have been made from a photograph.

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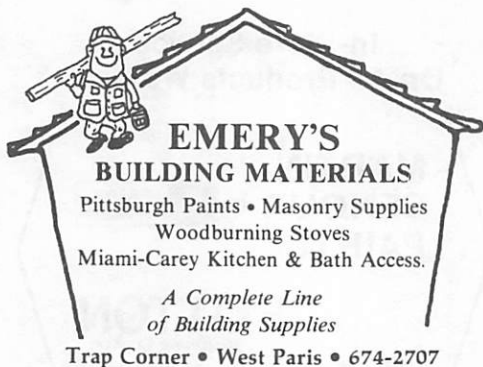
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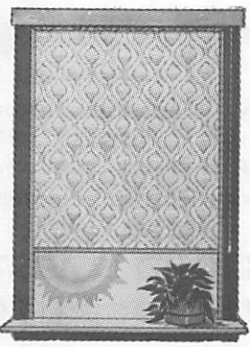
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(Cont. from pg. 55)

the house was divided into four rooms; a large kitchen next to the shed, a parlor at the opposite end and two bedrooms on the back. An entry with a clothes closet separated the kitchen and parlor at the front doorway.

The kitchen, as was the parlor, was finished from the floor to the window-sills with a single wide pine board on each side of the room. Above the walls and ceiling were plastered; the plaster adhering to thin, partially-split boards instead of laths. The woodwork, if painted, was of a gray, light blue or "sky-blue-pink" hue. The dark fireplace cupboards were painted marine-blue inside, while the buttery, opening off the kitchen, was painted a reddish brown, similar to the color used by the mysterious Red Paint People of prehistoric Maine. The floors of all of the rooms were of wide pumpkin pine boards, smoothly planed and worn with scrubbing.

Much of the kitchen's wall space was given over to doors; one leading to the front entry, one to the buttery, one to the cellar and another to the second floor, one to the shed and usually one opened into one of the back bedrooms.

The parlor was finished much the same as

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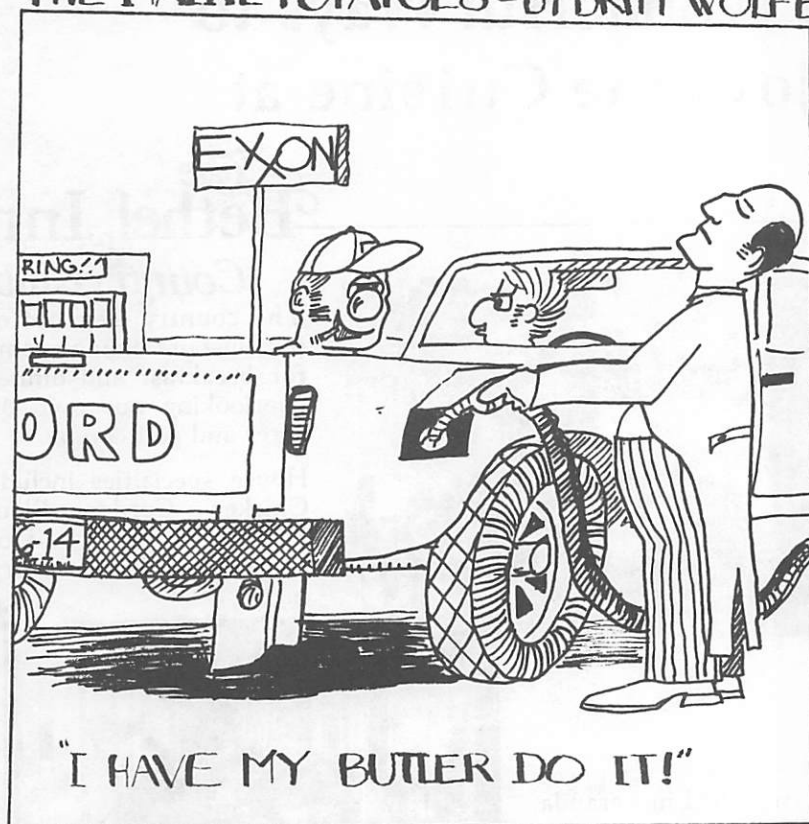
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THE MAINE POTATOES - BY BRITT WOLFE



the kitchen, usually painted brown, though the mantelpiece was invariably white. There were tiny, built-in cupboards on either side of the mantel, and the windows were equipped with inside shutters. These shutters were seldom open.

The bedrooms were very small and had one little window each, seldom if ever, open. Instead of being plastered, the walls of these rooms were boarded perpendicularly with wide boards, and they contained no clothes closets. There was little room in them for more than a cord bedstead. One of these bedrooms had a fireplace.

The upstairs chamber of the pioneer's house was unfinished. The bare roof rafters ran from its floor at the eaves to its peak where the great brick chimney protruded thru the roof. Sometimes there was a small fireplace in this attic. It was here that the children slept, amongst such things as are found in old attics, including pendant bunches of seedcorn and herbs.

The barn, a huge establishment in itself, was nobly constructed of great beams,

solidly mortised and pegged. A tie-up for cattle ran the entire length on one side of it, while the other side had a fold for sheep, a space for hanging harnesses and the like and a henner. A grindstone and a cider-press were always in evidence, in season. The mows of the barn were filled with hay while above amongst the rafters and cobwebs, the swallows nested in their mud abodes. Barns were boarded perpendicularly with extremely wide boards and the cracks between these boards were wide also, admitting sun, rain, snow and cold. In the cellar of the barn pigs wallowed and grunted.

Such were the buildings the pioneers proudly erected and surrounded with fruit trees and flowering shrubs. There is hardly a granite stoop in the back-country today that is not brushed by roses or spearmint or tansy or bridal wreath, cat-nip or lilacs. We can imagine the difficulties under which many of these plants were brought to the frontier, and nursed into bloom.

Bartlett was a reporter for The Lewiston Journal until his death in 1937.

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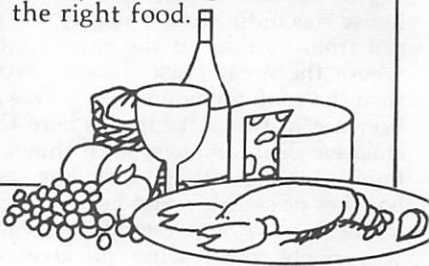


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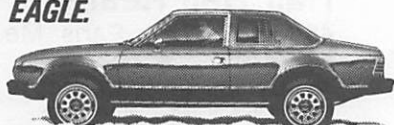
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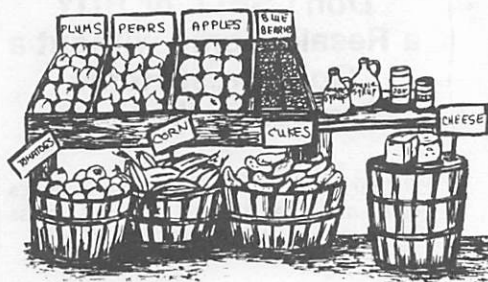
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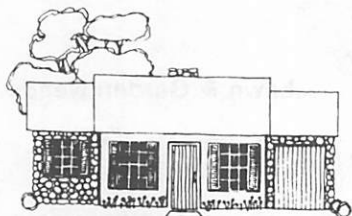
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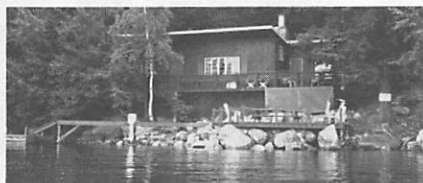
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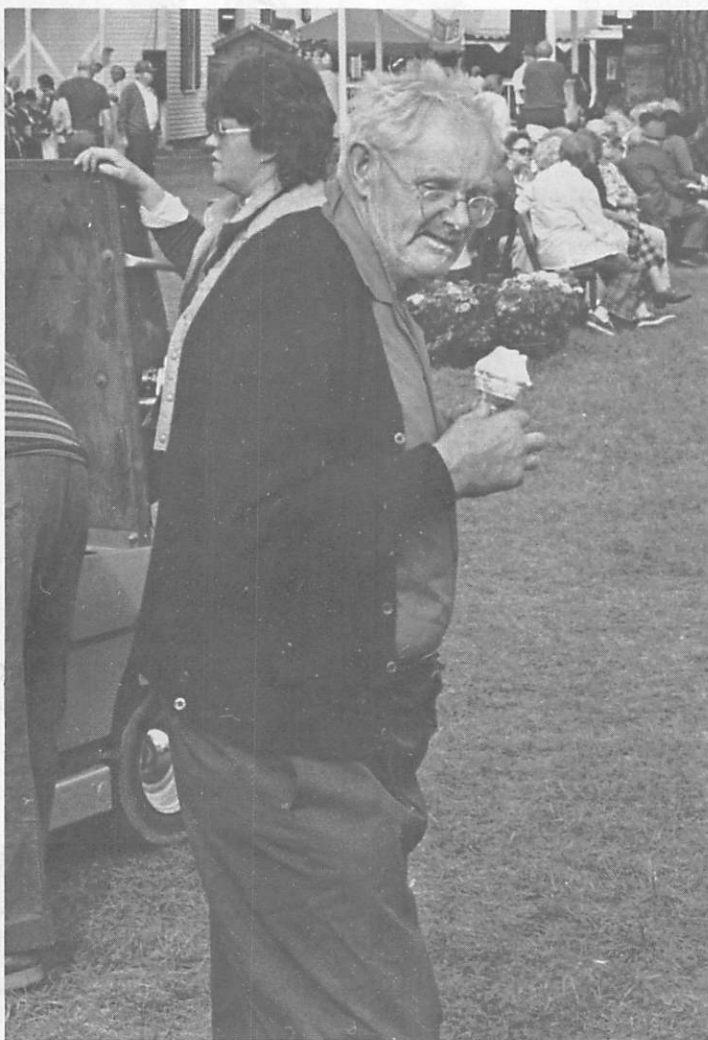


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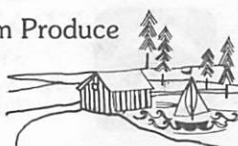
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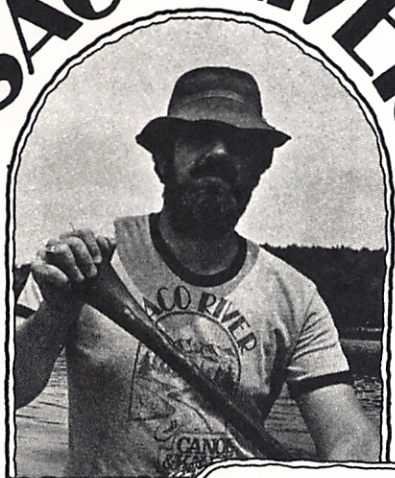
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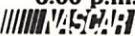


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